

SPECIAL PREVIEW ISSUE: HOCKEY 1982-83

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 11, 1982 \$1.50

**ROCKIN'
ROBIN!**

**Robin Yount
Propels Milwaukee
Into The Playoffs**



Fuego Turbo from Renault. Slippery and shimmering. Exciting. A heritage earned on the tracks of the world by the first turbos ever to race Grand Prix and win.

Fuego Turbo. Five forward speeds powered by a 1.6 liter intercooled turbo that creates 11.6 psi maximum boost. Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection. Performance that's responsive yet civilized enough for a highway estimate of 40 MPG and EPA estimate MPG of 26.*

Fuego Turbo. Front-wheel drive with independent front suspension. Renault's "A" frame-mounted trailing arm rear axle. Stabilizer bars, standard, front and rear. Michelin TR X radials on cast

aluminum wheels. Vented front disc and rear drum brakes with power assisted hydraulics and Renault's balanced anti-lock system.

Fuego Turbo. Wind-smooth exterior styling with a drag coefficient of 0.35. Indoors, a cockpit with laser-calibrated visibility, bio-formed seating, AM/FM stereo, air conditioning and a leather-wrapped sport wheel.

Fuego Turbo. From Renault. Civilized performance at a civilized price, \$11,095.**

*City/Highway/Fuel Economy (EPA) estimates with standard 1400 cc engine. Actual mileage may vary. **MSRP. Excludes destination charge, taxes, license, title, and optional equipment. Dealer price does not include tax, license, destination charge and other optional or required equipment.

Fuego

Turbo. The Fuego formula.



RENAULT

American Motors



**The world's smallest stereo cassette.
It's less than a handful but sounds like a roomful.
The Way from Panasonic.**



Way smaller than the rest.
The Way is the world's smallest stereo cassette player. It fits in almost any pocket. And it weighs in at under 6 ounces. The new Way from Panasonic, lined and white (PQ-WLH) or metallic gray (PQ-KJ1).



Way more fun.
With its compact size, the Way is perfect for taking with you wherever you go. It's small enough to fit in your pocket, but it's big enough to hold a lot of music. And it's easy to use. Just push the buttons and you're listening.



Way more fun.
The Way is the world's smallest stereo cassette player. It fits in almost any pocket. And it weighs in at under 6 ounces. The new Way from Panasonic, lined and white (PQ-WLH) or metallic gray (PQ-KJ1).



Way more fun.
The Way is the world's smallest stereo cassette player. It fits in almost any pocket. And it weighs in at under 6 ounces. The new Way from Panasonic, lined and white (PQ-WLH) or metallic gray (PQ-KJ1).

Panasonic
Let's keep the world going.

ON MAXELL, ROCK 'N' ROLL IS REALLY HERE TO STAY.



Every Maxell cassette is destined to become a golden oldie. Because at Maxell we build cassettes to standards that are 60% higher than the industry calls for.

Durable cassettes you can shake, rattle yet they keep on rolling.

Precision engineered tape that even after 500 plays still delivers high fidelity.

So when we say, on Maxell, rock 'n' roll is really here to stay...Be-Bop-A-Lu-La... we don't mean maybe.



IT'S WORTH IT.

CONTENTS

24 Down to the Wire

Milwaukee, reeling after three straight losses to Baltimore, finally got the American League East title firmly in its grasp **by Steve Wulf**

Atlanta, assisted by Joe Morgan, edged L.A. and San Francisco for the National League West **by Jim Kaplan and Ron Fimrite 28**

32 UCLA or UnCork Lots of Aerials

Until this year UCLA was an acronym for Uncommonly Conservative Land Assaults. Now Tom Ramsey is flinging **by Jack McCallum**

42 Hockey '82-83

No officials endure as much foul—and foul—behavior from players and fans as the men who earn their stripes in the NHL **by E.M. Swift**

Once again the Islanders are the class of the league. A rundown on the defending titlists and their 20 pursuers **by E.M. Swift 50**

The season's best U.S. college player, James Patrick, and team represent the same school, North Dakota **by Cathrine Wolf 58**

76 Who Would've Thought?

One of the poorest NHL teams ever, the 1972-73 Islanders, is now the model of how to turn expansion chumps into champs **by E.M. Swift**

DEPARTMENTS

Scorecard _____	19	Pro Basketball _____	66	For the Record _____	103
College Football _____	80	Baseball _____	75	19th Hole _____	104

Grids on page 103

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0031-857X) is published weekly except bi-monthly during the winter and summer months in February and June. In September, advertising rates for the 1982-83 season are: 12 issues for \$12.00; 24 issues for \$24.00; 48 issues for \$48.00. Single copies are available for \$1.00. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized second-class mail by First-Class Mail. Claims for missing issues will be honored only if made within 90 days of the date of publication. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, 1741 Lyle Building, 541 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, IL 60610.

© 1982 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION OF ANY PART OF THIS PUBLICATION IS PROHIBITED. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF TIME INC.

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1893-1957

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anastos Grunwald

President: J. Richard Murray

Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson

Executive Vice President: Clifford J. Gruhn

Editorial Director: Ralph Davies

Group Vice President, Magazines: Kaito P. Sutton

Vice Chairman: Arthur Taniguchi

Managing Editor: G. Ben Rogin

Assistant Managing Editors: Kenneth Ruben, Peter Cady, Mark

Muller

Art Director: Harvey Guit

Senior Editors: Theodore A. Barnathan, Walter Bringham, Arthur B. Brown, Bill Carson, Myra Gelsbach, John G. Kelly, Larry Green, John Kucharski, Barbara La Fontaine, Julia Lund, Scott Levine, Joe Marshall

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Robert W. Coomer, Frank Meyer, Mike Tomlin, Dave Gribben, Dan Jenkins, William O. Johnson, Ray Kennedy, Gary Kirkpatrick, William Leggett, Kenyon Moore, William Nack, Bob Oltum, John Underwood, Paul Zimmerman

Associate Writers: Barry McDermott, Sam Moses, Bruce Newman, John Pappas, Sarah Pappas, Pat Putnam, E.M. Swift, Rick Teichert, Steve Wolf

Staff Editors: Julia Campbell, Ray Hood, Anna Varschick

Staff Writers: Anthony Conon, Michael Gallagher, Jim Kaplan, Carl Levin, Jack McCallum, Craig Nall, William Taffel, Norm Winkler, Hugh Wiley, Alexander Wolf

Picture Editor: Barbara Hanft

Production Manager: Dennis W. Ulvik

Photography: Thomas A. Daugherty (DPU), Lord Capetola, Anthony Conon, Steven Fink, Kevin Fitzgerald, Laurel Franklin, Theodore Sweeney, Robert W. Taylor, Donna Tausler

Photographers: John A. Andy, Harry John Jacobs, Heinz Ruediger, Murray Wolf, Linda Scharf, Tom Scharf, John Scharf, James Schmitz, Rick Clarkson, Jerry Cooke, John Dawkins, James O'Neil, William Escoville, Walter Satter, Joe Satter, Anthony L. Scharf, Richard Magallon, Peter Reed Miller, Ronald C. Moore, Herb Scherman, George Tadmorian, Tony Toms, John D. Zimmerman

Writer-Reporters: R. Bruce Clark, Roger Jackson, Peter Lutz, Jill O'Connell, Michael S. Rabinowitz, Robert Sullivan, Al Weiss, Cliff

Senior Reporters: William Ames, Linda Ann Marsh, Rose Mary

McMahon, Paula Phelps, Angel Reyes

Reporters: Jane E. Beckman, DPU, Bruce Anderson, Victoria

Reynolds, Bob Buchanan, Joe Gribben, John Gribben, John

Mari, Eva Thompson, Lisa Twyman, Lisa Wilson, Cathrine Wolf

Art Department: Richard Warner (DPU), Gregory Lawrence, R.

Gordon, Michael S. Rabinowitz, Anthony Conon, Pamela Kirtland,

Joseph L. Korman, J. Thurston Morris, Cathrine Sisson, Edward

P. Tuccio

Copy Staff: Barry DeMaestri (DPU), Edward S. Clarke (DPU),

John Gribben, Lawrence Gribben, Madeline S. Robinson, Lisa

Wolf, Jill Jacob, Barbara W. Murray, Susan Stubb, Robert H.

Williams

Production: George Adams (DPU), Richard Cohen, Peter C.

Muller, Cathrine Wolf

Articles: Linda R. Vargen, Margaret Sack, Associate Editors:

Constance Tubbs, Judith G. Tole

Special Contributors: Joel Ackerman, Bunt, Michael

Buchanan, Martin E. Gribben, Robert J. Jones, George

Purinton, Jeremiah T. Tole

Special Correspondents: Eleanor Mirovich (DPU), Anthony

Conon, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John Gribben, John

**ALL THE ACTION
OF FOOTBALL '82
FOR ALMOST
HALF THE
COVER PRICE!**

47% SAVINGS!

Follow the season with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

You can pay the \$1.50 cover price. Or you can save 47% and get every great issue of the season right here for just 79¢! That's our low subscription rate, and with it you get to choose as many issues as you like—as few as 26 or as many as 104.

Send me: ☐ 6 months (26 issues) ☐ 9 months (36 issues) ☐ 12 months (52 issues) ☐ 24 months (104 issues)

I pay just 79¢ an issue, almost **HALF** off the cover price!

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Mr./Ms.

(please print)

Address

Apt. No.

City

State

Zip

*Choose the number of issues you prefer. Where no term is indicated, the minimum will be served. SI is published weekly except for two issues combined in one at year-end and occasional special issues. This rate includes postage and is good in the U.S. only.

47% SAVINGS!

Follow the season with
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

You can pay the \$1.50 cover price. Or you can save 47% and get every great issue of the season right here for just 79¢! That's our low subscription rate, and with it you get to choose as many issues as you like—as few as 26 or as many as 104.

Send me: ☐ 6 months (26 issues) ☐ 9 months (36 issues) ☐ 12 months (52 issues) ☐ 24 months (104 issues)

I pay just 79¢ an issue, almost **HALF** off the cover price!

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Mr./Ms.

(please print)

Address

Apt. No.

City

State

Zip

863173

47% SAVINGS!

Follow the season with
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

You can pay the \$1.50 cover price. Or you can save 47% and get every great issue of the season right here for just 79¢! That's our low subscription rate, and with it you get to choose as many issues as you like—as few as 26 or as many as 104.

Send me: ☐ 6 months (26 issues) ☐ 9 months (36 issues) ☐ 12 months (52 issues) ☐ 24 months (104 issues)

I pay just 79¢ an issue, almost **HALF** off the cover price!

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Mr./Ms.

(please print)

Address

Apt. No.

City

State

Zip

*Choose the number of issues you prefer. Where no term is indicated, the minimum will be served. SI is published weekly except for two issues combined in one at year-end and occasional special issues.



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 22, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports Illustrated

541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 22, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports Illustrated

541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 22, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports Illustrated

541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

THE ACTION IN FOOTBALL '82. GET IT HERE AT ALMOST HALF OFF THE COVER PRICE

Nobody—but nobody—can take home the photos, the fun, the frenzy of America's #1 pastime FOOTBALL '82...like **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED!** And now you can get it all...the locker room lowdown, the razor-sharp passes, the sprints, the punch and beauty of the game, all at almost half price.

And grab enough football and you get the best of the rest of sports: basketball and baseball, hockey, the Derby, Indy and the Series of it, inside and out, with **SI** and so much more.

For even faster service call toll-free 1-800-621-8



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED POSTERS

Wayne Gretzky



Sugar Ray Leonard



Mike Schmidt



George Brett



Cemrey Linstad



Julkis Erving



George Gervin



Darryl Dawkins



Magic Johnson



Larry Bird



Isiah Thomas



Joe Montana



Kee Anderson



Dan Fouts



Big 2 feet x 3 feet

ONLY \$4 EACH. SAVE WHEN YOU ORDER 3 OR MORE!

FOOTBALL

- ☐ 4202 NFL Superstars
- ☐ 4285 Walter Payton
- ☐ 4291 Ken Anderson
- ☐ 4235 Chris Collinsworth
- ☐ 4237 Joe Ferguson
- ☐ 4268 Reggie McKenzie
- ☐ 4248 Randy Gradishar
- ☐ 4273 Craig Morton
- ☐ 4236 Mike Pruitt
- ☐ 4241 Brian Sipe
- ☐ 4265 Lee Roy Selmon
- ☐ 4245 O. J. Anderson
- ☐ 4275 Dan Dierdorf
- ☐ 4276 Jim Hart
- ☐ 4269 Dan Fouts
- ☐ 4234 Kellen Winslow
- ☐ 4281 Tony Dorsett
- ☐ 4278 Harvey Martin
- ☐ 4283 Roger Staubach
- ☐ 4262 Charlie Waters
- ☐ 4253 Randy White
- ☐ 4267 Bob Griese
- ☐ 4276 Ron Jaworski
- ☐ 4268 Steve Bartkowski
- ☐ 4248 Wallace Francis
- ☐ 4234 Joe Montana
- ☐ 4225 Dwight Clark
- ☐ 4244 Phil Simms
- ☐ 4230 Rob Carpenter
- ☐ 4271 Lawrence Taylor
- ☐ 4271 Wesley Walker
- ☐ 4227 Richard Todd
- ☐ 4229 Mark Gastineau
- ☐ 4257 Gary Danielson
- ☐ 4223 Eric Faggie
- ☐ 4230 Robert Brazile
- ☐ 4253 Ken Berrouagh
- ☐ 4271 Earl Campbell
- ☐ 4282 Ken Stabler
- ☐ 4296 Steve Grogan
- ☐ 4279 Ray Guy
- ☐ 4280 Pat Haden

- ☐ 4295 Jack Youngblood
- ☐ 4258 Joe Theismann
- ☐ 4255 Ancho Manning
- ☐ 4262 George Rogers
- ☐ 4267 Jim Zorn
- ☐ 4240 Rocky Bleier
- ☐ 4299 Terry Bradshaw
- ☐ 4242 Joe Greene
- ☐ 4256 Jack Ham
- ☐ 4288 Franco Harris
- ☐ 4264 Jack Lambert
- ☐ 4231 Tommy Kramer

BASEBALL

- ☐ 4500 Baseball Superstars
- ☐ 4501 Rod Carew
- ☐ 4507 Reggie Jackson
- ☐ 4543 Bob Horner
- ☐ 4544 Dale Murphy
- ☐ 4546 Phil Moltz
- ☐ 4551 Gorman Thomas
- ☐ 4552 Keith Hernandez
- ☐ 4552 Kirk Gibson
- ☐ 4527 Bill Buckner
- ☐ 4528 Steve Garvey
- ☐ 4531 Jack Clark
- ☐ 4545 Joe Charboneau
- ☐ 4539 Lee Mazzilli
- ☐ 4518 Eddie Murray
- ☐ 4505 Jim Palmer
- ☐ 4506 Steve Carlton
- ☐ 4524 Gary Matlock
- ☐ 4547 Gary Matthews
- ☐ 4522 Pete Rose
- ☐ 4510 Mike Schmidt
- ☐ 4514 Dave Parker
- ☐ 4512 Willie Stargel
- ☐ 4542 Buddy Bell
- ☐ 4536 Jim Sundberg
- ☐ 4523 Johnny Bench
- ☐ 4516 Tom Seaver
- ☐ 4548 Carney Linstad
- ☐ 4506 Jim Rice

- ☐ 4521 George Brett
- ☐ 4535 Roy Smalley
- ☐ 4541 Rick Cerone
- ☐ 4540 Buckey Dent
- ☐ 4538 Ron Gaudry
- ☐ 4549 Tommy John
- ☐ 4525 Graig Kirtles
- ☐ 4502 Willie Randolph

BASKETBALL

- ☐ 4427 Mychal Thompson
- ☐ 4430 John Drew
- ☐ 4425 Marques Johnson
- ☐ 4408 Artis Gilmore
- ☐ 4415 Austin Carr
- ☐ 4407 Dave Cowens
- ☐ 4440 Mark Aguirre
- ☐ 4428 Phil Ford
- ☐ 4424 Marvin Webster
- ☐ 4434 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4418 Jamaal Wilkes
- ☐ 4437 Darrell Griffith
- ☐ 4411 David Thompson
- ☐ 4439 Isiah Thomas
- ☐ 4409 Moses Malone
- ☐ 4419 Calvin Murphy
- ☐ 4401 Julius Erving
- ☐ 4404 Doug Collins
- ☐ 4430 Darryl Dawkins
- ☐ 4401 Jack Sikma
- ☐ 4441 Gus Williams
- ☐ 4402 George Gervin
- ☐ 4410 Dennis Adams
- ☐ 4432 Dennis Johnson

HOCKEY

- ☐ 7203 Phil Esposito
- ☐ 7205 Wayne Gretzky

SOCCER

- ☐ 5100 Giorgio Chinaglia
- ☐ 5180 Rick Davis

- ☐ 5106 Wes McCoid
- ☐ 5104 Ray Hudson
- ☐ 5102 Kyle Rote, Jr.

TENNIS

- ☐ 4114 John McEnroe
- ☐ 4100 Jimmy Connors
- ☐ 4101 Bjorn Borg
- ☐ 4102 Ilie Nastase
- ☐ 4116 Vitas Gerulaitis
- ☐ 4112 Guillermo Vilas
- ☐ 4115 Martina Navratilova
- ☐ 4108 Rosie Casals
- ☐ 4113 Virginia Wade
- ☐ 4111 Billie Jean King

BOXING

- ☐ 6601 Sugar Ray Leonard

SNOW SKIING

- ☐ 4301 Ski Touring
- ☐ 4302 Powder Skiing
- ☐ 4303 Free Style Skiing
- ☐ 4304 Sunset Skiing

ICE SKATING

- ☐ 9908 Peggy Fleming
- ☐ 9909 Tai & Randy

WATER SKIING

- ☐ 4903 Wayne Grumrich
- ☐ 4905 Pam Foisom

SAILING

- ☐ 4901 Blue Water

BOWLING

- ☐ 2101 Dick Weber
- ☐ 2102 Earl Anthony
- ☐ 2103 Mark Roth

U.S. SKI TEAM

- ☐ 5201 Cindy Nelson
- ☐ 5204 Cherie Cooper
- ☐ 5205 Bill Koch

- ☐ 5207 Walter Malmquist
- ☐ 5206 Phil Mahre
- ☐ 5209 Steve Mahre

SURFING

- ☐ 4901 In the Tube

GOLF

- ☐ 4601 Hale Irwin
- ☐ 4604 Nancy Lopez
- ☐ 4602 Laura Baugh
- ☐ 4603 Jan Stephenson

RODEO

- ☐ 6201 Don Gay
- ☐ 6202 J. C. Tynjala
- ☐ 6203 Paul Tierney

- ☐ 6204 Monty Henson

HANG GLIDING

- ☐ 4902 California Dreaming

JOGGING

- ☐ 4904 On the Avenue

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

- ☐ 4907 Americans
- ☐ Climb "K-2"

SNOWMOBILE

- ☐ 4906 Snow Goin'

MOTORCYCLING

- ☐ 6100 Jay Springfield

Order by phone!

CALL TOLL-FREE

—business hours: 8:30–5:00

Central time—

1-800-325-3313



(Missouri residents:
(314) 343-8000)

SI 10/11

Make your selections from the list at left, then call to place your order (Visa, Mastercard or BankAmericard orders only). Each poster is just \$4—or a money-saving 3 for \$10 (only \$3 for every additional poster)—plus \$1 per order for postage and handling.

OR SEND YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED % Marketcom, Lockbox 2257, Hampton Bank, 4301 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, MO 63109

Distributor and dealer inquiries welcome.

VIEWPOINT

by FRANK DEFORD

ARE ELECTRONIC VIDEO GAMES BAD FOR KIDST WELL, REALLY AND NOT REALLY

In the suburban town where I live there has been—as there has been in a lot of places across the country—a furo about electronic video games. In my town, a promoter sought permission to construct a monstrous emporium to house scores of these quarter-eaters, and a great many citizens came out violently in opposition. Really.

Some of this was, of course, no more than a case of routine generational hysteria, the sort of knee-jerk response we can expect from a certain segment of the adult population anytime anything new and mysterious comes along that appeals to the young. That's life. That's the way the middle ages. But somehow we have survived as a nation and as a planet these

past three decades despite grim grown-up assurances circa 1955 that rock 'n' roll would be the ruination of mankind. Alas, the same old fleshpot world destroyed poor Elvis Presley, not he us.

It has also been difficult for me to think of video games as a newfangled instrument of the devil, inasmuch as pinball games long preceded them. It seems to me that video games are to pinball about what big Prince metal rackets are to little old wooden ones. The products may be modified, but the arcades, like the tennis, remain much the same as ever.

Really.

I don't use the above word just for the heck of it. "Really" is the word that arcade children—which is to say: all children—use these days instead of that quaint old word we formerly fell back on, "yes" as in: Will you marry me?/Really.

The flip side of "Really" is "Not Really." "Not Really" is what young people

say now when they mean "no." (The first mistake we made was starting to call kids "young people," but I digress.) This generation simply can't bear to have the word "no" employed, lest someone might get around to saying "no" to them. Really. I discovered recently that not even young policemen can bring themselves to say "no." Not long ago, I asked one fuzzy-cheeked constable if I might park for a while in a no-parking zone.

He replied, "Not really."

Really

Possibly there's some connection between young people playing video games all the time and their not being able to say "yes" or "no."

But then, adults themselves are often no prizes when it comes to lucid, logical discourse. Most of the complaints I hear lodged against video games are couched only in what I call the alternative negative. That is: These games are bad because otherwise children would be doing

WHATEVER YOUR GAME, WE CAN



MEAD COATED WEB PAPER

Get more choice from a wide selection of high quality coated web offset papers from Mead, including Black & White®, Northcote®, Escapade Enamel® and Mead Web® Enamel. Score with the first team: Mead.



MEAD COATED PRINTING PAPER

Get highest quality reproduction from Mead's fine coated sheet-fed grades, including elegant Mark II® Cover, famous Black & White® Enamel, hardworking Moisture® Meads, and economical Mead Offset® Enamel. Run with a winner: Mead.

MEAD PAPER OFFERS YOU MORE...

something more valuable with their nose

I seize up when I hear that argument, because it is my experience that children, no less than adults, never make choices that way. We never say, well, this afternoon I was planning to read Plato for a while, visit some local shut-ins, then give blood and go over to the orphan asylum and cheer up all the tykes, but instead I'm going to do something altogether worthless. No, it's the human condition to decide in advance to do something worthless, and then to zero in on the specifics.

If kids weren't becoming mush-brained playing video games they would only be engaged in some other equally scurriously or pointless activity. I doubt whether the quarter-chompers keep them away from homework or Little League or choir practice.

Who knows? Maybe children who infiltrate arcades are actually being saved from much worse fates. The entrepreneur

new who was fighting to get the electronic emporium licensed in my town passed out bumper stickers that asked PAC MAN OR PUT? *Reductio ad absurdum?* Don't be so sure. Take the example of drive-in theaters in my day and age. Many grown-ups said these passion pits—passion pits—were instruments of the devil, worse even than rock 'n' roll. Now drive-ins are going out of business, and what have we got in their stead? Coed dormitories, expansion teams and \$9.95-a-night motels. Think about that. See what I mean?

Why, Billie Jean King even avers that the precocity of young athletes today may be accounted for by the extraordinary concentration they develop playing Space Invaders, Zaxxon, Donkey Kong and what have you from an early age.

Maybe each generation needs its own games no less than it needs its own music and clothes and heroes. I remember Pete Dawkins, the West Point Hersman Tro-

phy winner, Rhodes scholar, now a general in Uncle Sam's Army, studiously assuring me late one night that Frisbee was the ultimate athletic expression of our generation. And I hung on every word.

But that makes me think, too. Damn it, Frisbee is creative. It isn't chess. Not really. It isn't even canasta, and possibly it's even on the low side of *Family Feud*, but it is you and the Frisbee all alone against the world. And pinball: Pinball games require a certain imaginative dexterity. They may even be a metaphor for life (or for drive-ins, one or the other), because the trick with pinball games is to know how to stretch, even to sorta kinda exceed the limits . . . but ever so gingerly—to caress some extra points out of the machine without ever quite tilting the whole shebang. Pinball teaches you to skirt, to fudge, to finagle, to take sensible risks. Here was the situation: You were not supposed to bang a pinball machine at all, but you knew *continued*

PLAY IT.



MEAD BUSINESS PAPER

Get more quality and versatility in xerographic and offset papers with Mead Moistrite® XO-2 and Mead INFO™ Bond and Xerographic. XO-2 cuts costs by cutting inventory—one sheet for both xerographic and offset. INFO offers smooth performance at a very economical price. At the top of your order, pencil in Mead.



MEAD CARBONLESS PAPER

Get more technical experience and know-how in carbonless forms paper manufacturing from the experts. Mead Trans/rite® carbonless paper is made on state-of-the-art equipment resulting in flat, uniform, easy-running, sharp-imaging carbonless forms. Net more profit with Mead Trans/rite.

MeadPaper

Fine Paper Division
Dayton, Ohio 45463

CIMAR

CUTS THROUGH THE



BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC.



CIMARRON '83

IMPORT MYSTIQUE.

HOW CIMARRON '83 BEATS THE IMPORTS AT THEIR OWN GAME

	CIMARRON '83	AUDI 5000S	BMW 320i	VOLVO GL	SAAB 900S SEDAN
FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE	STANDARD	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	STANDARD
ELECTRONICALLY FUEL-INJECTED ENGINE*	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD
FIVE-SPEED MANUAL INCLUDING OVERDRIVE	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD 4-SPEED	STANDARD
TACHOMETER WITH FULL INSTRUMENTATION	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD
POWER-ASSISTED RACK AND PINION STEERING	STANDARD	STANDARD	BACK AND PINION ONLY	STANDARD	STANDARD
EPA PASSENGER COMPARTMENT VOLUME	89 CU. FT.	90 CU. FT.	82 CU. FT.	89 CU. FT.	89 CU. FT.
TUNGSTEN HALOGEN FOG LAMPS	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE	EXTRA COST	NOT AVAILABLE	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION
ALUMINUM ALLOY WHEELS	STANDARD	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	STANDARD
AIR CONDITIONING	STANDARD	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	STANDARD
ELECTRONICALLY TUNED AM/FM STEREO RADIO	STANDARD (may be deleted for extra cost)	EXTRA COST	EXTRA COST	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION
LEATHER-WRAPPED STEERING WHEEL	STANDARD	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION	NOT AVAILABLE
LEATHER SEATING AREAS	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	NOT AVAILABLE	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE

*Some Cadillacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details. All imports shown are 1982 models. Wheel or standard equipment varies.

Bold new performance. In '83 Cimarron sports a snappy new 2.0 liter electronically fuel-injected engine with a 5-speed manual transmission. (3-speed automatic is available.) Plus an exclusively tuned Touring Suspension, front-wheel drive and more.

Bold new look. There's a strong new grille treatment and tungsten halogen fog lamps. A proud new hood meditation. And crisp, new aluminum alloy wheels.

Plus Cadillac touches...

Like body-contoured, leather-faced front bucket seats with lumbar support.

Air conditioning. Full instrumentation including tach. All standard. And available features like a new electronically tuned AM/FM stereo cassette radio with 5-band graphic equalizer.

Extraordinary value. Compare Cimarron '83 to any import in its class. Feature for feature. Sticker for sticker. Most of all, compare performance with a demonstration drive. See a Cadillac dealer soon.



Another increase in interest rates for U.S. Savings Bonds.



Growing Bigger...Faster.

That's the good news about U.S. Savings Bonds. The Series EE Bonds you buy today grow bigger, with an increased interest rate of 9%. And they do it faster, with a shortened maturity period of only 8 years. Interim rates have been improved, too. Bonds earn 6% after 1 year and 8½% if held 5 years.

These changes make Bonds much more desirable. And with the Payroll Savings Plan, it's easier to save more, in a shorter time. *In fact, almost all outstanding Savings Bonds will benefit from a 1% increase to their next maturity.*

So take another look at Bonds. They're still easy to buy through the Payroll Savings Plan; they're safe, guaranteed. Take a look at the tax benefits. The new interest rates. The shortened maturity. And you'll see Bonds do make sense.

For you, and for your country.

**Take
stock
in America.**



VIEWPOINT *continued*

you couldn't win replays without goosing it some. There was as much an art to playing pinball as there was to, say, growing up.

And herein lies the difference. Video games are not just sophisticated pinball machines; they are not just larger tennis rackets. They are a whole different way of looking at life. Video games sparkle and flash, ring and sing, gurgle and shine, but that's all tinsel. The quiddity of video games is that they are patterned. Did you know that? You can go to a store and buy books that show you what the patterns are. They can't tilt! It's all rote. That's why you read about these video idiot savants playing one machine for 40 or 50 hours in a row. They can't tilt! You could get street-smart playing pinball, but with the video games you can only learn how to get in a groove, how to become, in effect, an extension of the equipment.

And that's not playing. No game can be played that way, and I don't care whether it's golf or basketball or bumper pool or Frisbee or spin the bottle or cops and robbers.

Go to any arcade and watch the young people playing video games and you will see why they are an instrument of the devil. Games should be fun. Even when too much emphasis is placed on winning, half the people come away happy. But nobody ever wins at video games. Not really. It's just a grind, paying two bits for the privilege of being part of a machine. And the kids' faces show it. There is a joylessness to these dens. It always looks to me as if everybody is taking the SATs or something, only you get bells and stuff instead of having to press down hard with a pencil.

You see, the critics have missed the point. It has nothing to do with whether the games are addictive. A lot of people are addicted to baseball, and that's not so bad. It has nothing to do with whether the games are seductive. From time to time we all need to be seduced away from the finer, better things in life. It has, ultimately, nothing even to do with whether these games are too much fun. No, you see, it's the other way around. Video games aren't excessively fun. Rather, they may not be fun at all. They are programmed not only to take quarters but also to suck up the imagination. And that is the ultimate cruelty for a child: That his very games must be serious toil. The one thing these video games deny children is their childhood. Really. **END**

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

"A lucid and sumptuously illustrated book...bound to captivate any reader."

—Chicago Sun Times

"A book to be enjoyed and pondered. In a quite literal sense, it will give you a new perspective on life."

—Christian Science Monitor

"Stylish, scientifically sound...highly entertaining."

—Discover

"Quite simply the best introduction to natural history ever written."

—Desmond Morris

**David
Attenborough**

Life on Earth

Companion to the PBS television series
A Main Selection of the
Book of the Month Club
\$22.50 at bookstore



LITTLE, BROWN

When doing business means being two places at once,



RCA is a registered trademark of RCA Corporation.

TACTEC comes through.

In business, you have to be there when it counts. But the way you get there can mean the difference between success and failure. If you and your people use considerable amounts of gas and time trying to be two places at once, consider TACTEC two-way radios. With TACTEC, you can react quickly to developments both on the road and back at the office; you can make more calls, conduct more business, provide more service and realize more profit in a single day.

TACTEC. RCA quality and reliability continue.

We offer a complete line—from rugged handheld portables to our Channel Management System, a computer-controlled channel assignment system for fast, private communications.

Products to satisfy your specific business communications needs. And TACTEC's new flexible financing program makes it easier than ever to purchase the reliable two-way system that will pay for itself many times over.

At TACTEC Systems Incorporated (formerly RCA's Land Mobile Com-

munications Division), we continue to earn our reputation for quality radio systems, backed by solid service.

TACTEC

Tradition tuned to tomorrow

Let us come through for you. For a free, no-obligation analysis of your communications needs, including a conservative estimate of probable savings, send the coupon below or call toll free (800) 245-9984. In Pennsylvania, please call (412) 228-6482.

Name _____
 Title _____ Company _____
 City _____ County _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone No. _____ Principal Business _____
 No. of employees _____ Send to: TACTEC Systems Incorporated
 No. of vehicles _____ Dept. 1075, Market Support
 Meadowlands, PA 15347

U-HAUL® COSTS YOU LESS. HERE'S WHY:



1. TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

With U-HAUL, you get a light-weight, low-profile, aerodynamic moving van designed to safely and economically move your family and furniture.



manufactures its own trucks and trailers specifically for the household mover. We don't buy our vehicles for later resale to industrial users. You can rent or borrow a rough-riding freight truck almost anywhere.

U-HAUL won't rent you a

cover the U.S., Canada and Alaska with 6,000 dealers, 1,000 moving centers, 600 mobile repair units, 150 maintenance shops, six manufacturing plants, a research center and a certified test track. You can count on our road service 24-hours a day for no additional money. We are always nearby—willing, quick and able.

2. MOVING VANS— NOT FREIGHT TRUCKS

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van, not just a truck or trailer. A moving van that is gentle on you and your furniture. With a soft, furniture-saving suspension, padded interior, easy-loading low deck and lots of tie-downs. And it's easy to drive or tow. U-HAUL designs and

gas-guzzling, freight truck for moving. We don't rent trucks—we rent moving vans. And we've been doing this since 1945.

3. SAFETY AND SECURITY

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van that is in first-class mechanical condition. And we make certain it stays that way. We

4. LOW RENTAL RATES

Topping all this, U-HAUL will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.* Just tell us. We mean it when we say "U-HAUL COSTS YOU LESS." Less worry, less time, less work, less damage, less gas—less overall cost.

**THE BEST COSTS YOU LESS
BECAUSE
MOVING
IS OUR
BUSINESS**



*Except where Traffic Control fees apply.

**TOW DOLLIES FOR
FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CARS.
ALSO TOW BARS.**



**PACKING & LOADING SERVICE.
FREE ESTIMATES.**



**PROFESSIONAL
MOVING & PACKING AIDS**



**SELF-STORAGE ROOMS
COAST TO COAST**



BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

A FORMER NFL LINEMAN WRITES WITH ELOQUENCE ABOUT THE GAME HE LOVES

If you read one sports book this fall, try to make it *The End of Autumn* by Michael Oriard (Doubleday, \$17.95). Oriard spent 18 of his first 26 years in organized football, from the fourth grade in Sacred Heart Grade School and Gonzaga Prep in Spokane, to Notre Dame, the Kansas City Chiefs and the Hamilton (Ont.) Tiger-Cats of the CFL. He got his Ph.D. at Stanford and now teaches English at Oregon State.

This isn't a book about drugs, altered transcripts and illegal recruiting; it's a book about football, what it is or should be, the place it fills or should fill in American life, what it feels like when it's played properly (Oriard was an offensive lineman for most of his career), the myriad forms of male bonding it engenders, the promise it holds for personal fulfillment, its brooding potential for psychological tragedy. If all this seems heavy with didactic dullness, it emerges in the book with freshness and sparkle. One reason is that Oriard filters it through the grid (no pun) of his own experiences, and another is that, unlike too many teachers of English, this one knows how to use the language as well.

If there's a flaw in *Autumn*, it's that Oriard lays it on pretty thick when it comes to the mystique of Notre Dame football. Donors will love it; the rest of you can skim those sections.

Don't skim anything else. Oriard's account of his first varsity game as a 16-year-old, played at night before 8,000 hometowners, matches the quality of the debut itself: his description of what a free Monday means to a pro football player—the luxury of the ice bath, the giant whirlpool, the easing of sore and stiff muscles—seethes with sensuality.

Aside from the value of the fine phrases and the sensitive and sensible reflections, there is another bonus for you when you close the book. You will have met a good man, a man you would like to send your son or daughter to for English 101. The Oregon State registrar is hereby warned.

END

SURVIVAL



Nuclear War.

Many Americans believe it's coming closer and closer as the arms race speeds on. Others warn that only a balance of nuclear power can prevent it. People everywhere are thinking and talking about the unthinkable. **TIME** Magazine's continuing coverage of this critical controversy provides a clear perspective on what may determine the fate of us all. Week after week, **TIME** gives you more than news and information. It brings insight and understanding to subjects that matter to you.

Read **TIME** and understand.



**Did you know the
Services have the means
to teach someone
still in their teens.**



**Need a trade?
Looking for a skill?
They have hundreds
that'll fit the bill.**

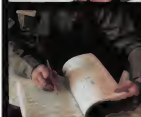


**They'll take you, train you,
show you the way.
You'll work hard,
and get decent pay.**



**ARMY
NAVY
AIR FORCE
MARINES**





**Serving your country
is a really good start.
Helping pay for college
is the Services' part.**



**Future in doubt?
Well, shed that lead,
join the Services
and get ahead.
In the Army, Navy,
Air Force, Marines.**

If you're bright enough to graduate from high school and are looking for an opportunity to better yourself—you'll find it in the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines.

For instance, if you want to become an expert in a highly technical field, the Services are the place to learn. You'll work with some of the latest and most sophisticated equipment available. And your instructors are second to none.

Actually, there are hundreds of valuable career skills you may qualify for. And experience isn't important. If you don't have any, they'll see that you get it. The important thing is—you'll be building for your future.

Interested in education? Whether it's college, vocational or technical training, the Armed Forces can help. There's even a program in which the government contributes money toward your college education after the Service.

And when it comes to benefits—it's tough to beat the Services. Pay is higher than ever—more than \$550 a month to start. And you earn 30 days of vacation each year.

To find out more, see your local Armed Forces recruiter or write Armed Forces Opportunities, P.O. Box C 1776, Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746.

IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO START

Come to Marlboro Country.

Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 10 mg "tar,"
0.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec 81



Today's Florsheim Shoe: 90 years in the making.



*Experience,
in creating fashionable footwear
that offers the ultimate in quality and value.
In choosing the finest leathers.
In crafting them into our impressive selection
of styles such as these Imperials.
In perfecting the art of shoemaking so that
every man receives a comfortable fit.
90 years' experience.
You can't buy that just anywhere.*

FLORSHEIM®
an INTERCO company



See the Yellow Pages for the Florsheim dealer nearest you.
For free style brochure, write: Florsheim, Dept. 35, 130 S. Canal St., Chicago, Illinois 60606.

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

IMPASSE

As negotiations in the pro football strike broke off Saturday, the NFL Players Association clung to its demand for a seniority-based "wage scale." Wage scales are common enough in American industry but usually reflect fairly closely what workers are actually paid. The one proposed by the players' union is different. Because of the star system in pro sports and because of bidding for players by both the Canadian Football League and the new U.S. Football League, the NFL would almost inevitably have to pay players who are low in seniority but high in talent far more than scale, even if you include performance bonuses the NFLPA was also calling for. The union further proposed that the wage scale, in effect, be continually adjusted to ensure that total compensation reaches \$1.6 billion over four years and that this money be distributed not by the clubs directly but through a fund administered independently of the owners. Its choice of language notwithstanding, the NFLPA wasn't asking for a conventional wage "scale at all but, rather, for something akin to union control of player payrolls.

But management was taking similar linguistic liberties in pushing a settlement that supposedly would preserve the right of "individual salary negotiations." In fact, meaningful salary negotiations could take place only if the NFL were to shed its severe restrictions on free agency. The NFLPA, to be sure, has chosen not to fight for unfettered free agency, concluding that because teams generally play before full houses and share TV revenues equally, they lack the economic incentive to win that would induce them to bid for free agents.

But big salaries to Renaldo Nehemiah, Tom Cousineau and others who, because of unusual circumstances, were able to sidestep the NFL's free-agency restrictions, suggest that the owners do have incentives to win. Indeed, a recent study by Frank A. Scott Jr., an assistant professor of economics at the University of Kentucky, found that the difference to NFL clubs between winning and losing is, on the average, \$170,000 a game. Scott explains that victory on the field is of financial benefit to those clubs that don't always fill their stadiums and, although

fans may not like to hear it, makes it easier for teams that sell out to raise ticket prices. The economics of the NFL "argue for free agency," says Scott. He adds that, economics aside, most owners take pride in winning, which "makes free-agent players that much more valuable."

Another indication that free agency would greatly increase salaries is the fact that the owners don't want it any more than the NFLPA does. If pushed to the wall on the issue, they would have difficulty defending this opposition. In similarly—and unsuccessfully—resisting free agency, baseball owners could at least argue that, because of the cost of developing players in their farm systems, they had a legitimate stake in keeping them from jumping to other teams. NFL owners have no such excuses; they get their players straight from the colleges, a farm system that costs them nothing. The suspicion lingers that if, early in the negotiations, the NFL had offered to implement true free agency, the players, whose support for NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey was less than solid, would have forced Garvey to accept the offer. Instead, the owners stuck to their untenable position on free agency, overreacted to the players' gesture of pregame solidarity handshakes and turned the stage over to Management Council Executive Director Jack Donlan, a man even more given than Garvey to inflammatory rhetoric. The effect of all this was to unify the NFLPA's rank-and-file as never before.

As the labor-management impasse continued, legal skirmishing was taking place over NFLPA plans to stage televised games between divisional all-star teams starting this Sunday. Those games would have more fan appeal were the teams identified with cities—e.g., the Pittsburgh Pickets vs. the New York Unionists—but an NFLPA spokesman admitted that the thought never occurred to union leaders. The NFLPA was sufficiently provident, however, to arrange injury insurance from Lloyd's of London for players who compete in all-star games. For its part, management said it would consider reopening training camps and trying to suit up enough NFL and pickup players to stage what, in a probable further debasement of the language, would be billed as NFL games.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Times of London ran a page one story on the NFL strike last week under the headline WHY GROWN AMERICANS ARE WATCHING GIRLS' SOCCER. The paper reported that in addition to attending girls' soccer games, male NFL fans "were reduced to watching old movies, or going to bed early with their wives." It concluded that it was "fair to say" that American men fell into three broad categories: "Those who watch football on Sunday afternoons . . . those who watch football on television Monday evenings, and . . . those who do both."

DR. DEATH

Steve Williams, a senior starting offensive guard on the University of Oklahoma football team, didn't spend his vacation last summer on a construction job or a trip to Yosemite. Taking advantage of an NCAA rule that allows an athlete to



retain college eligibility in one sport while playing professionally in another, Williams starred on the pro wrestling circuit in Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi. Billed as Dr. Death, he wowed grunt-and-groan fans—and played up his Sooner affiliation—with a series of football-inspired moves called the Oklahoma Stampedede.

In the morality play that is pro wrestling, Williams was depicted as a "good guy." But what of his forbidding rick-

continued



Skiers get more
of a boot in Wigwams.

Wigwam socks give you the edge. With special ski styles engineered so you get the most out of today's engineered boots. Plus great looks. All the comfort of wool. And quality that means extra value through extra wear. Your feet will know the difference. Wigwam Socks for all sports. Wherever better sporting goods are sold. • Wigwam Mills, Inc., Sheboygan, WI 53081 • In Canada: Hanson-Mohawk, Inc., Prov. of Quebec



It's time you changed your socks.

a word to
the wise

Library

American Library Association

SCORECARD continued

name? As it happens, he came by the moniker more or less honestly. Williams had worked in a cemetery while attending high school in Lakewood, Colo., and when he participated in a wrestling match wearing a hockey mask to protect a broken nose, one of his coaches was moved to say, "Here comes Dr. Death." The name stuck.

At Oklahoma, besides playing for Barry Switzer's Sooners, the 6'2", 280-pound Williams won the Big Eight heavyweight wrestling championship three straight years before using up his eligibility in that sport last winter. That freed him to venture onto the pro wrestling circuit. Counting tag-team competition, he lost twice in 57 matches, both times, he says, as the result of villainy; in Baton Rouge, for example, a rival produced a metal object while the referee wasn't looking and used it to clobber the Sooner star. Despite such occupational hazards, Williams says that after pursuing an NFL career he hopes to return to pro wrestling, which he defends as "a good thing for people who've had a hard day. They can take out their frustrations—kick the benches and knock over the chairs—and then go home to the wife and kids and have a sensible dinner."

The Oklahoma Stampede? Well, Williams would rise out of a three-point football stance, bowl over his foe as if he were an opposing lineman, lift him over his head and run across the ring with him before flinging him to the mat and pouncing on him for the pin.

Now all Dr. Death has to do is perform the same trick against Nebraska on Nov. 26.

SCHOLARLY ADVICE

In the past two years USC has been 1) barred from bowl games and the conference championship by the Pac-10 for academic abuses, 2) tainted by the school's own acknowledgment that it skirted normal admissions standards to get academically marginal athletes into school and 3) put on NCAA probation because of a ticket-scalping scheme that produced payments to football players. But some Trojan rooters appear to be undaunted. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, a number of them showed up for USC's home-opener, a 28-7 win over Indiana, wearing buttons inscribed with combative, even defiant messages. One read TROJANS DON'T EAT OF EACH . . . and an-

continued



Now you can shrink a \$600 car repair down to \$25.

Everywhere you look these days, it's \$600 for a transmission job here, \$400 for engine repairs there.

It's gotten to the point where even the remote possibility of major repairs is enough to worry anyone.

Until now.

Because now you can cut those worries down to a more manageable \$25. And keep them that way for up to five full years.

Introducing the Ford Extended Service Plan—for purchasers of Ford or Lincoln-Mercury cars or light trucks. Here's how it protects you.

The Extended Service Plan covers thousands of parts, including major repairs. And promises no parts or labor

charges, except a small \$25 deductible each time you bring your car in. No matter how many different covered parts need to be fixed.

Which means you can go to any one of 6,500 Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealers across the U.S. and Canada, and the most you'll pay is \$25 for any covered repairs.

Plus there's much more. With plans ranging up to 5 years/50,000 miles of maximum protection. See your Dealer for all the details on how to shrink car repair worries down to size.

Ask for the Extended Service Plan by name. It's the only one backed by the Ford Motor Company.

Get it together—buckle up.

Ford Extended Service Plan



other said, WIN ONE FOR THE GOUX, a reference to Marv Goux, the assistant football coach who conducted the illicit ticket-scalping operation. Less provocatively, another button read E.T. IS A TROJAN. Our favorite, however, was the one that bore this admonition: MAKE USC NO. 1—STUDY HARDER.

WHEN YOU HEAR THE TONE, HANG UP

As the National League West race went down to the wire, San Francisco Giant Utility Man Dave Bergman found himself besieged, like a lot of other players, by requests for tickets. Hence the recorded message he left on his telephone answering machine: "Hello, this is Dave Bergman. No!"

TRACKING THE WOLVERINES

It was recently reported in this space that Michigan Football Coach Bo Schembechler, expressing concern that the new U.S. Football League's scheduled mid-winter draft would jeopardize the education of his players, had threatened to bar that league's scouts from attending his team's practices (SCORECARD, Aug. 23). We noted, however, that NFL scouts had always been welcome in Ann Arbor, even though the NFL thinks nothing of whisking college seniors to minicamps during the academic year and even though "one recent study showed that more than 40% of Michigan alumni playing in the NFL hadn't graduated."

Subsequently, Schembechler charged that SI had erred and claimed that the nongraduation rate of Wolverines in the NFL was less than 15%. Then *The Michigan Daily* got into the act by reporting that "university records show that both Schembechler and Sports Illustrated are wrong." Those records, the paper reported, indicated that "of the 26 former Wolverines presently in the NFL, 8 (31%) haven't earned degrees." The paper said that SI's figures were "dated."

The study cited by SI was based on graduation information contained in *The Football Register* (which doesn't include rookies in its listings). The *Register's* data indicated, as double-checked by SI, that in 1980 there were 21 former Wolverines on NFL training-camp rosters, nine of whom, or 43%, hadn't graduated from college. The comparable stats in '81 were nine of 22, or 41%. Before relying

on those totals, we asked the Michigan athletic department for its own graduation rates of ex-Wolverine NFLers but were told that neither Schembechler nor anybody else in the department had worked up such figures.

The *Register's* information was obviously "dated" in that it expressly covered 1980 and 1981, not 1982. Indeed, at the time SI raised the subject in mid-August, the '82 season hadn't begun and team rosters weren't set. The discrepancy between the *Register's* derived figures and *The Michigan Daily's* figures is partly explained by the latter's inclusion of two players who received degrees after the *Register* had put together its material—and after their classes graduated. It's admirable that those players returned to campus to complete their education. At the same time, the fact that so many NFL-bound players don't graduate with their classes underscores our original point that prepping for the NFL can interfere with the completion of one's college requirements, just as prepping for the USFL figures to do.

The important fact that emerges from all this, however, is that Schembechler had no idea how many of his top—i.e., NFL-caliber—players had graduated. In further confirmation of this failing, he has now ordered an in-house study of graduation rates of his players in order, he says, to refute SI. That Schembechler, the Wolverine coach for 14 years, hasn't kept track of such information all along raises the question of just how concerned about his athletes' education he really is.

A postscript on the distinction that Bo seemed to be drawing between the NFL and USFL: Lest the upstart USFL get too big a jump in signing talent because of its Jan. 4 college draft, the NFL Management Council has proposed in its negotiations with the NFLPA that the league be given the option of moving its draft, which was held this year on April 27 and 28, to early February. That is smack in the middle of the academic year.

WHEN SPECIAL BECOMES ROUTINE

Bob Hope hosted an NBC special Sunday night previewing the network's new fall TV shows. That event wasn't to be confused with Hope's special in November paying homage to the Pink Panther movies, his annual Christmas special, his special in February on his film career and a spring special commemorating his 80th

birthday. So what's Hope doing in January? Labor relations permitting, he's hosting a special saluting America's biggest sports event. That's Super Bowl XVII, Special IV if you're counting.

STRIKE CASUALTIES

The NFL strike is having an adverse effect on endangered species. No, we're not referring to Las Vegas oddsmakers, who, *Variety* estimates, are losing \$15 million a week in action on NFL games but can probably weather the crisis. We're referring to the beneficiaries of a promotion involving San Diego Charger Placekicker Rolf Benirschke called Kicks For Critters. Benirschke, whose father is the San Diego Zoological Society's director of research, has promised to donate \$50 for each field goal he makes to a fund set up by the society "to aid in the research and preservation of endangered species." Many other San Diegans, 1,350 of them this year alone, have also pledged to donate money to the fund for each Benirschke field goal.

The Kicks For Critters fund began two years ago and has already raised \$236,000. It has been so successful that it has spawned an imitator: Just before the strike, Charger Quarterback Dan Fouts agreed to contribute \$100 for each of his touchdown passes and \$300 for each of his touchdown runs to a Passes For Puppies program benefiting San Diego's Hubbs-Sea World Research Institute, which studies various aspects of marine life. Outsiders were to be enrolled in this program, too.

Just two more arguments for a speedy settlement of the strike.

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Starr, California Angel TV announcer, explaining why he'd misidentified a pitcher who was warming up in the bullpen: "I was looking through my eyes rather than the TV monitor."
- Richie Ashburn, Phillies broadcaster, as the TV camera showed a Mets equipment man in the dugout mending a glove belonging to Dave Kingman, a notoriously poor fielder: "They should've called a welder."
- David Frischmann, 11-year-old third baseman on the Danmora (N.Y.) Red Sox Pee Wee team, explaining why a ground ball went through his legs: "My hands got tongue-tied."

1983 FORD MUSTANG GT



**THE BOSS:
ONE HOT PIECE
OF AMERICAN
STEEL.**

Mustang GT for 1983.

It begins in a river of red-hot steel.

It's cast and crafted and bolted together to be the Boss. This year, the 5.0 liter High Output engine has a new four-barrel carburetor for even more muscle. 175 horsepower. It's sprung with a performance suspension and packs 247 lb.-ft. of torque @ 2400 rpm* and a four-speed transmission.

It comes complete with a real bad attitude about being anything but the Boss...

Mustang GT for 1983. It's one hot piece of American steel. Get it together. Buckle up.

*Net torque and horsepower as measured by SAE standard J1349.



HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY?

Ford

FORD DIVISION

Holding On To Win At The Wire

Milwaukee was reeling after three consecutive losses to Baltimore, but on Sunday it had victory in its grasp

by STEVE WULF

It began with the launching of 3,000 balloons and ended with the bursting of thousands more, but in between, the Baltimore Orioles and their fans scared the daylight out of the Milwaukee Brewers. This was only natural, because the Orioles and Halloween share the same colors. And this year they nearly shared the same month.

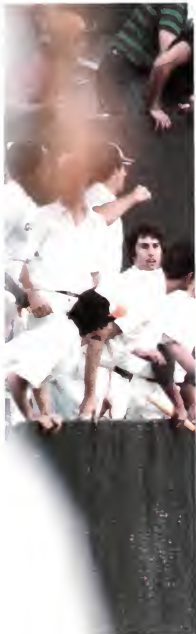
It came down to the last game of the regular season, Jim Palmer versus Don Sutton, for the American League East title, Earl Weaver's grand finale as Oriole manager and thousands of people screaming, "Sweep! Sweep!" while some even waved brooms. It was, in fact, only the second time in baseball history that the two teams tied for first place had met in the last regularly scheduled game of the season. The Yankees beat the Red Sox on the other occasion in 1949. This time it was the Brewers, who came alive after three moribund losses and won 10-2.

"Yesterday, I felt like my chest was wide open," said Milwaukee Catcher Ted Simmons, whose two-run homer in the ninth put the finishing touch on Sunday's victory. "And I felt like they were ready to pluck out my heart. But now I see our guys crying with joy."

The Brewers had to stare down the Orioles, the Baltimore fans and, in a sense, themselves to win their first title. In the

continued

With Milwaukee ahead 5-2 in the eighth inning Ogi-
vie saved two runs by robbing Nolan of extra bases.



Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 11, 1982



opening three games of last weekend's series, Baltimore had outscored the Brewers 26-7, while the crowds drove them crazy. But on Sunday, Milwaukee dis-

gionship on the line. As if that weren't enough, here was Sutton doing exactly what the Brewers expected of him when they picked up his \$750,000 a year

son for the batting title when he tripled in the eighth. But in the ninth, the league's most valuable player was hit by a pitch and ended the season with a .3307 average. Wilson finished at .3316.

Palmer was gone by the sixth—pulled from a game for the last time by his old nemesis-manager—but Sutton hung on for eight gutty innings. Backed by a superb defense, most notably Leftfielder Ben Oglivie's sliding two-on, two-out eighth-inning catch of Joe Nolan's shot into the corner with the score 5-2, Sutton survived three jams, an accusation that he was scuffing the ball and a bad cold. "I had a sore throat," he said, "so I took penicillin to get rid of the cold, cortisone to get rid of the penicillin, water to get rid of the cortisone . . . pitching made better through chemistry."

The game was never really out of the Orioles' reach until the ninth, when Milwaukee exploded for five runs. But even in the bottom of the final inning, Baltimore fans exhorted the O's until Gary Roenicke fled out to Oglivie to end the game. Then, while the Brewers cavorted and six police horses pranced, the crowd called a tearful Weaver out for one last ovation: "W-E-A-V-E-R!"

The Brewers arrived in Baltimore needing to win only one game of the four. Their magic number to tie had been just one since Wednesday, Sept. 29, when the Orioles lost 3-2 to the Tigers in Detroit while Milwaukee beat the Red Sox 6-3 in Boston on Ned Yost's three-run, first-of-the-year homer in the ninth. The Brewers presumptuously congratulated each other after that one. The next night, Baltimore defeated Detroit 6-5 as Milwaukee fell 9-4 to Boston. Three games up with four to play, the Brewers took their nine cases of champagne to Baltimore.

The Orioles launched their 3,000 balloons, half of them red, white and blue and half of them orange, black and white, at the start of Friday's doubleheader. The Brewers took a 1-0 lead when Leftfielder John Lowenstein misplayed Charlie Moore's fly ball, but the Orioles came back with three runs in the second on three singles, a walk off Milwaukee ace Pete Vuckovich and a bad throw by Second Baseman Jim Gantner. Baltimore never trailed after that, even though Dennis Martinez gave up back-to-back homers to Simmons and Oglivie in the sixth. The final: Orioles 8, Brewers 3. Wild Bill Hays, the legendary cobbler who'd been sighted in Memorial Stadium



Having acquired Sutton as pennant insurance, Milwaukee was the beneficiary Sunday.

played the power and the glory it had shown all season. It was too bad for Weaver, but the Brewers were just too good.

Irony fans had a good time with the thought of Palmer pitching Weaver's last regular-season game—he had long ago announced his retirement—with a cham-

contract from the Astros on August 30.

But the pitching duel never developed. Robin Yount's fly ball drifted lazily into the rightfield seats in the first inning, and his second homer of the game and 29th of the season gave the Brewers a 3-0 lead in the third. Yount pulled within one hit of beating out Kansas City's Willie Wil-

only half a dozen times this season, led one of his famous spelling bees in the bottom of the seventh.

By the time the nightcap started, the moon was full and 51,883 fans, the second-largest regular-season Memorial Stadium crowd in history, had arrived. This game belonged to Orioles rookies. Storm Davis, all of 20, pitched a six-hitter, and John Shelby, 24, and Cal Ripken Jr., 22, homered as Baltimore won 7-1. Ripken's dinger in the seventh gave him 28 homers and 93 RBIs for the year, both team rookie records.

The Brewers' pitching staff was beleaguered. Manager Harvey Kuenn had to leave Mike Caldwell in to absorb a seven-run pounding because his bullpen was tired from having to fill Rennie Fingers' jar of mustache wax. Fingers, who had been the Milwaukee pen until he went out with a sore arm on Sept. 2, couldn't throw 20 warmups without hurting.

But of more immediate concern to Milwaukee was, of all things, hitting Gorman Thomas, 39 homers and 112 RBIs, was in a slump and was an oh-for in the twin bill. A man from Wisconsin called the press box to have somebody tell Thomas to move closer to the plate.

After the game, General Manager Harry Dalton gave the Brewers a short speech. "I just told them they were an excellent ball club, that they had nothing to be ashamed of and to forget what just happened," said Dalton. "I decided to do it in the ninth inning as I was waiting in the clubhouse. It wasn't a great speech. I wasn't exactly William Jennings Bryan."

The Orioles were clearly enjoying themselves. "We came in here, really,

with nothing to lose and everything to gain," said Jim Dwyer. Three years ago, Baltimore was in the reverse position. The O's led Pittsburgh 3-1 in the World Series, needing to win only one of the last three games. They didn't.

Before Saturday's game, the Orioles engaged in their usual high jinks. Rich Dauer kidded Palmer about his shampoo commercial. Mike Flanagan kidded Rick Dempsey about Dempsey's cutting himself shaving and asking Trainer Ralph Salvon for a "skeptical pencil." Everybody ganged up on Dempsey for running down the leftfield line after a foul ball Friday night and colliding with Dauer. Flanagan received compliments on the excellent job he'd done superimposing Davis' face on one of Palmer's underwear posters. Weaver phoned his wife to tell her how to separate the large and small lima beans. Although the players were supposed to be in uniform by 11:55, the units didn't arrive from the laundry until noon. Flanagan threatened to shag flies in his underwear. "That would be great," said Pitching Coach Ray Miller. "The Brewers would see that and say, 'Boy, are they loose.'"

The Brewers weren't. Before games they usually hold baseball's most boisterous game of flap, which is sort of Hot Potato with violence. In Boston, they had as many as 21 players involved. But Saturday the turnout was sparse, and the game lacked its usual gaiety. The only Brewer who looked ready was Oglivie—in 1 p.m. he was sleeping on the clubhouse couch, hat over his eyes, crossword puzzle stuffed inside his shirt.

It was a nice day for a game. The sky was blue, the temperature in the 70s. The Orioles scored three runs off Doc Medich right away. Eddie Murray doubled in Al Bumbry. Lowenstein singled in Ken Singleton and Medich balked home Murray. But the Brewers came back with two in the second off Scott McGregor, the runs scoring on Gantner's bloomed single. The crowd, which had been exuberant at the start, became hushed. "I heard them go quiet," said Reliever Sammy Stewart, "so I started waving a towel around in the bullpen to get them to cheer." That's not all Stewart did. He relieved McGregor soon after Oglivie tied the game 3-3 in the fourth with a homer and pitched the rest of the



At the end, it was farewell to a rare bird.

way, allowing no runs and two hits. "He was up and throwing eight times yesterday," Weaver said later. "He's worth his weight in gold." Stewart weighs 208 pounds, so make that \$1,467,823 at the going rate of \$402 a Troy ounce.

The Orioles broke free with four runs in the fourth on four singles and a throwing error by Third Baseman Paul Molitor. Weaver had Baltimore stealing and playing hit-and-run, which are things he usually eschews, and the Brewers appeared rattled. Jim Dwyer got on base all four times he was up, giving him 13 straight, three short of Ted Williams' record, set in 1957. "If I was Ted, I wouldn't worry," Dwyer said later. True enough. The streak ended in his first at bat on Sunday, when he bounced to the pitcher. On Saturday, Milwaukee owner Bud Selig paced the press box and muttered, "If I see another blooper, I'm going to be sick." Indeed the Orioles were getting a lot of cheap hits. "It's a game of inches," Kuenn said later, "and let's face it, they've had more inches."

Hagy led three O-R-I-O-L-E-S cheers in the eighth, and Baltimore responded with four more runs, all on singles off Dwight Bernard. The final score was 11-3, and the sounds of "Sweep Sweep" shook the neighborhood.

"I think the whole thing is a dream," said Kuenn. "You play 161 games and it comes to a tie with Palmer and Sutton

continued

Sutton and Simmons: an electrifying battery.



going. You couldn't ask for more than that." "I've pitched bigger ones before," said Sutton, "and I hope I'll pitch bigger ones down the road. Tomorrow's one of the situations you work for in life. That doesn't mean I'll do well—it just means I'll enjoy it."

"I'd enjoy it more if I felt better," said Palmer in his nearly deserted clubhouse. "My arm doesn't feel very well, and the team doesn't score behind me. I've never really won a big game before." When Weaver heard Palmer complaining, he yelled, "That makes two of us. We'll get by on guts alone tomorrow. All I want out of you is eight and two-thirds of

good baseball, and I'll do the rest."

But Palmer couldn't go deeper than two batters into the sixth, when he left with the score 4-1, and Weaver ran out of strings to pull. In his swan song, he sent six pinch hitters up in the eighth and ninth. In his office afterward Weaver said, "I don't want anybody feeling sorry for me. God's been too good to me, Baltimore's been too good to me, my players have been too good to me."

The Brewers went about their bedlam quietly. Former player Sal Bando, Milwaukee's special assistant to the general manager who was put in uniform this week by Dalton to be a cheerleader, sat

by himself, smiling and sipping champagne. "The only thing that was going to make us feel better was if something good happened in a game," he said, "and fortunately, we got that right away today."

"We approached this Series trying to win just one of four," said Thomas. "That hurt us in the first game, and by the time we got around to rethinking it in the second game, we were way south. We were scared the third game. Before yesterday's game nobody was playing cards or doing crosswords. But I came in today and we were playing cards, and somebody was cutting up somebody's pants. I knew we'd be all right." **END**

For Atlanta, A Loss Was As Good As A Win

by JIM KAPLAN

The situation was desperate indeed. Here were the Atlanta Braves trying to maintain a one-game lead in the National League's West Division on the season's final day—and doing a terrible job of it. There was one out in the ninth and the Braves were trailing the Padres 5-1, having butchered the game at bat and afield. Meanwhile, the San Diego Stadium scoreboard was showing a 2-2 Dodger-Giant score in the seventh inning up at San Francisco. An Atlanta loss and an L.A. win would mean that the division title would be decided by a Monday play-off at Dodger Stadium—hardly a pleasing prospect for the Braves.

But as Jerry Royster returned to the Atlanta dugout after flying to left for the second out of the ninth, the Braves suddenly erupted in a volley of cheers and whistles. "What's going on? What's going on?" demanded Manager Joe Torre. Just then, as Royster passed Padre Catcher Terry Kennedy on his way back to the dugout, Kennedy told him that the Giants' Joe Morgan had just hit a three-run homer. Kennedy was getting his inside info from someone in the Padre dugout, where a radio was tuned in to the L.A.-San Francisco game. Royster passed on the news to his teammates, and there was instant bedlam.

"When I came up to bat," Royster explained later, "Kennedy said, 'Men on second and third for the Giants, one out.'"

"Great," I thought. I took a couple of swings and Terry said, 'Oh, no, two outs.' I figured, 'Oh, well.' Then I flied out, and as I was returning, Terry said, 'Don't worry about it—Morgan just hit a three-run homer.'"

The Braves were no longer interested in the game at hand. As Catcher Matt Sinatra fouled out to end the 5-1 loss, they retired to a lunchroom adjoining

their clubhouse for a private TV viewing of the game up north. The atmosphere was by no means festive. "I was nervous as hell," said Atlanta Leftfielder Terry Harper afterward. But as the Giants kept holding off the Dodgers, the Braves' spirits rose. When the game finally ended at 3:09 PDT in a 5-3 San Francisco win, the Braves sprinted from lunchroom to clubhouse for the requisite wild celebration of cascading champagne, beer, macarons and shaving cream.

"How to go, Little Joe!" Coach Sonny Jackson called out, in praise of Morgan,



Niekro helped himself against the Padres with a two-run homer, his first since '76.

his teammate of long ago. Other Braves shouted hosannas to the entire Giant organization. But though in the end they had needed help from their fellow Dodger-haters up north, the Braves had more than earned their first divisional title since 1969. Counted out nine days earlier, when they were three games behind L.A., they had responded by winning two of three from the Padres, two of two from the Giants, one of two from the Dodgers and two more in San Diego going into the season finale. Even so, as Torre said, "It's fitting for the kind of year we had to end it in a lunchroom."

Indeed, it was an unusual year for the Braves, who were alternately America's Team and then No One's Team.

"Never, ever, have I seen a team go from 24 games over .500 to seven over to 18 over," says Atlanta Pitching Coach Rube Walker, who has witnessed 29 pennant races as player and coach. When the Braves, who won their first 13 games of the season, took a nine-game lead on July 29, they were embraced by fans all over the U.S., who saw them on owner Ted Turner's SuperStation. When Atlanta subsequently lost 11 straight and 19 of 21, dissipating their entire lead in 10 days, the fans and press began to desert them. The deluge? Not quite. On Aug. 19



Niekro beat San Diego 4-0 for his 17th win of the season and second shutout of the week.

Pascual Perez, a recent acquisition from the Pittsburgh farm system, was supposed to start, but he lost his way driving to Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium; veteran Phil Niekro replaced him, and the Braves began a six-game winning streak. Perez was the model of good humor as teammates posted a road map with arrows pointing to the stadium over his locker. The kind of incident that unites team and city? On Sept. 6 the Braves came home in first place from a successful road trip—and drew 9,051 and 7,523 on successive nights.

"The atmosphere's a little unreal," says Pinch Hitter-First Baseman Bob Watson, "Kind of 'show me.' There's the local devotion to football, and the fans have seen a lot of losing years in baseball.



So before the season they were writing us off. We won, and they jumped on the bandwagon. When we lost, they jumped right off."

The Braves argue that both the fickleness of the fans and the team's streaky play were godsend. "It's more important to learn how to lose than win—you can tell if the players overadjust or panic," says Torre, who kept the Braves from

continued



panicking by refusing to make wholesale changes during the 21-game nosedive. "It's useful later on because you can see the signs of a slump before it hits you." Some players say experiencing the streaks was like going through an early pennant race. Royster feels the Braves learned to handle pressure in a low-pressure situation. "The fans and press had a lot to do with that," he says. "There was no fun excitement, except early in the year. After our last home game nobody told us, 'Go out and win the pennant.' We just left town."

Heading into the last week, though, the pressure was intense indeed. Trailing the Dodgers by one game and facing their last seven games on the road, the Braves were struggling without their power-hitting third baseman, Bob Horner, who had hyperextended his left elbow in a freak base-running accident on Sept. 18. Horner's replacement, Roys-

ter, can believe this—waving a runner from second to third; he was sidelined for three weeks. In the last game of the season's penultimate week Harper caught a slicing fly, crossed the foul line and dropped the ball as he tried to brace himself at the fence. The resulting gift homer contributed to a 3-2 loss to the Padres. "The best players don't get too high or low," says Harper, 27, an ingenious fellow with an expression of perpetual astonishment. "The veterans told me to look at things in positive ways, and that's what I decided to do." Brave-watchers weren't impressed; forgetting that their team had played better on the road than at home all season, they rewrote the old obituaries as Atlanta headed out for its climactic West Coast swing.

Niekro, the 43-year-old knuckleballer, wasn't about to buy those death notices. The lone survivor of Atlanta's 1969 division champs, Niekro said he had a "burn-

Shortstop Rafael Ramirez contributed to the victory with a homer and two RBIs. Considered one of the Braves' weak links in spring training, Ramirez helped them break a team record for DPs with a league-leading 186. "He has probably taken more ground balls than anyone in the history of baseball this year," says Oat Maxvill, the coach who hit him. "And he can hit [he finished at .278]."

The following night the Braves won more hearts and minds. They're viewed as a slugging team, but they finished the season with more steals (150) than homers (146). "You can't go flat when you play this way," says Torre. "What you can do is force more aggressive play." On Tuesday, Royster and Right-fielder Claudell Washington stole three bases apiece. Harper hit a three-run double off the leftfield line, and Atlanta beat San Francisco 8-3 to take a one-game lead over the Dodgers.

The Braves moved to Dodger Stadium on Wednesday night and promptly went two-up by beating the Dodgers 4-3 in 12 innings. Harper homered on an 0-2 pitch off Fernando Valenzuela in the fourth and singled home the go-ahead run in a two-run 12th. "Just trying to make contact," he said, sounding like a veteran. Royster made four tough plays at third and singled in the eventual winning run. Told he looked comfortable in the field, Royster said, "I'm glad I'm fooling people, but it's pure instinct. I'm a utility player."

The Dodgers beat the Braves 10-3 Thursday, but on Friday night in San Diego it was Niekro's time again. In perhaps the best clutch performance of his 257-win career, Niekro, 17-4, threw a three-hitter, hit a two-run homer and beat the Padres 4-0.

Typically, the Braves won by making the most of a glum situation. The Padres put runners on first and third with nobody out in the first when Alan Wiggins doubled on a ball Harper misjudged and Juan Bonilla reached first when Catcher Bruce Benedict muffed a third strike. "The pitch dropped about four feet," Benedict said. "I knew the knuckler was working." Niekro escaped by striking out Gene Richards and Terry Kennedy and getting Luis Salazar to line to center.

Niekro's homer couldn't have been

ter, was playing well, but Harper, Royster's substitute in left, was staggering from one bad situation to another.

Harper reported to Atlanta on May 27 from Richmond of the International League and in his debut broke his right thumb sliding into second; he was out for four weeks. Eight days after returning to action, he separated his left shoulder—if

ing desire" to play in a World Series. To prove it, he two-bat the Giants on Monday night, Sept. 27, in Candlestick Park. The 7-0 rout gave Atlanta a share of the lead for the first time since Sept. 12. This was the same Niekro who had been on the disabled list the first two weeks of the season with injuries in untemper parts of his aged body. Another notable survivor,



Washington wasn't left in limbo after tripling Saturday. He scored to put Atlanta up 2-0.

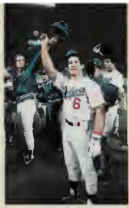
more timely. With the Braves leading 1-0 in the eighth and Glenn Hubbard on first, Torre ordered his eighth batter, Benedict, to sacrifice. The idea was to set up an RBI situation for Washington, not Niekro, but Torre nonetheless told Niekro, "Drive him in." Niekro ordinarily bats as if he were flycunting, and San Diego's Eric Show disdainfully grooved one. But this was no ordinary at bat: Niekro lined his seventh career homer—and first since 1976—into the leftfield seats. "I used Bruce's lighter bat so I could wait a little longer," Niekro said later. "It was like hitting a golf ball with a wood—I hardly felt it. I wanted to drop the bat and take four minutes rounding the bases."

"I expected him to hit it hard—he's a gamer," said Royster. "Everybody realizes how much a championship would mean to Phil," said Benedict. How much? Normally as excitable as a sleeping dog, Niekro clenched his fist on every out; by game's end he had extended his streak of innings without an earned run to 24. "I've got a wife and three boys I see only half the year," Niekro says. "But I'll be here until we get to the Series or I can't get the ball to the plate."

On Saturday night the Braves gave 46,287 fans and one full moon an object lesson in intelligent, aggressive baseball. Perez may not be able to find Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium, but he had no trouble locating the lower reaches of the strike zone. He threw hard into the sixth inning, whereupon Torre went to his "animals." Relievers Steve (Bedrock) Bedrosian and bearded Gene Garber twinned the Padres the rest of the way. The final: Braves 4-2.

Aggressive? "We had to be with Horner out of the lineup," said First Baseman Chris Chambliss, who hit his 20th homer, a career high, in the third. Otherwise the Braves set up runs with alert advances. Harper singled, stole second and went to third on Royster's surprise sacrifice bunt in the second. "This was no time to be a hero; I know if we get him to third we don't need a hit to score him," said Royster. Hubbard singled in Harper anyway. And in the ninth, Royster went from second to third on a medium fly and was driven in by a Watson single.

That win turned out to be the Braves' last of the season, but it was the last one they needed. As they learned the next day, losing can be fun, too.



Garvey waved a weepy goodbye in L.A.

L.A. Was Snuffed Out At Candlestick

When San Francisco's Joe Morgan hit a three-run, line-shot homer in the seventh inning at Candlestick Park on Sunday afternoon, Los Angeles Patcher Terry Forster tossed his glove high in the air and the crowd of 47,457 cheered riotously as Morgan jubilantly rounded the bases. "I knew I was going to get a hit," the 39-year-old second baseman said afterward. "Nothing out there is new to me anymore." Forster worked the count to one-two and then threw what he would later describe as "the biggest mistake of my career"—a hanging slider. Morgan got all of it, and the Dodgers were flushed for 1982.

Shortly after L.A.'s 5-3 loss, Forster sat slumped on a stool outside his clubhouse cubicle. "There was no excuse for it," he said. "That's the worst exhibition I've ever put on in a key game. One pitch! One pitch can win or lose a pennant."

First Baseman Steve Garvey of the dethroned World Champions stayed in full uniform long after the game was over. "I'm stalling in taking this thing off," he said, contemplating a future in some other uniform. "You don't spend 12 years of your life—12 years of exultation and low points, 12 important years—and not become reflective."

It was appropriate that a Giant should decide the division title because at the start of the chaotic final week of the regular season, the advantage among the three contenders appeared to be entirely with San Francisco. The Giants had just finished sweeping three games at Dodger Stadium and were the hottest team in the majors. As last week began they had won five in a row, 10 of 12 and 18 of 22. On Sep. 4 they had been nine games out of first. Now they were only one behind the

Dodgers and Braves, and San Francisco's final seven games would be at home.

With only 10 games remaining in the season, the Dodgers had been three games ahead in first place. Now they were one-up and fading. Los Angeles had drawn more fans this year—3,608,881—than any team in baseball history, but the rosters had lately become hooters. "Maybe I should hang a funeral wreath here," a Dodger Stadium elevator operator had said before last Thursday's game with Atlanta, when the L.A. slide was standing at eight.

But there's no figuring baseball. Los Angeles broke its streak with a vengeance that night, demolishing the Braves 10-3. "A team can go into a slump," said Manager Tom LaSorda. "It's improper to call it a choke." When the laughter was over, many of the fans called loudly for Garvey, who had gone 3 for 3. Garvey's contract will expire at the end of the year, and the feeling is that the Dodgers won't make a sincere enough effort to re-sign him. The Thursday game could well have been his last at home, so the fans rose spontaneously to wish him a presumptive adieu. Tears formed in the eyes of this man of steel—and, some say, ice—and he impulsively tossed his cap into the stands.

Now it was on to San Francisco. The Giants had lost two games badly, 7-0 and 8-3, to the Braves, missing a golden chance to move into first. But then they had beaten Houston 6-1 and 7-6. So on Friday a season-high 53,281 showed up for the showdown with L.A. Both teams were now one behind the Braves with three to play.

During San Francisco's long surge, Manager Frank Robinson had seemed virtually infallible. Until Friday night. For seven innings, the Dodgers' Jerry Reuss and the Giants' Fred Breining had pitched scoreless baseball. But in the eighth, Breining loaded the bases by allowing a single and two walks to bring Robinson out to the mound. Ace lefthander Al Holland was warming up in the bullpen, and the next scheduled Dodger batter was the lefthand-hitting Rick Monday. The choice seemed very obvious.

But no. After a brief admonition to Breining—"You got yourself into this jam, now get yourself out of it"—Robinson was on his way back to the dugout. Breining worked Monday to a one-one count and then threw him his specialty, the forkball. Monday hit it into the football bleachers in right center. The grand slam was all Reuss needed in the 4-0 win. Breining's pitch seemed to take something out of the Giants because the Dodgers finished them for good, 15-2, on Saturday.

Robinson was disappointed but far from discouraged. "It has been a good year," he said. "When you go to the next to last game still in the running, you've got to be pleased. We learned a lot, grew a lot." Enough it seemed to win the division, even if it was for another team.

—RON FINNITE

UCLA Now Stands For UnCork Lots Of Aerials



Until this year UCLA was an acronym for Uncommonly Conservative Land Assaults. Then Tom Ramsey came out flinging
by **JACK McCALLUM**

In Southern California, where sex appeal counts double, UCLA's offense in recent seasons has had all the allure of Phyllis Diller in a housedress. And to make matters worse, crosstown-rival Southern Cal has continued to come on like Morgan Fairchild in a bikini. While USC's attack has set hearts throbbing and Hessmate and Hertz commercials pouring in, UCLA's offense could only be described as plain Jane, and that has served to make the Bruins No. 2 in L.A., not to mention an also-ran in the War of the Roses. Only once since 1966 has UCLA been the Pac-10's representative

in Pasadena on New Year's Day, while the Trojans have been there 10 times in that span.

But this season the Bruin offense, behind the right arm of senior Quarterback Tom Ramsey, has become a real turn-on—so much so that UCLA could permanently alter its image as a dowdy stay-at-home. "Naturally I'd take an Earl Campbell-type back who could pound into the line 30 times a game, if he came along," says Bruin Coach Terry Donahue, "but barring that, I'd like to continue along the same lines we're moving. I'd like to think our offense has made

a permanent move in this direction."

That direction is upward, literally and figuratively. In Donahue's first six years as coach (1976-81), UCLA averaged 16.8 passes and 119.7 yards a game through the air. After last Saturday's 34-6 win over Colorado at Boulder, which ran the Bruins' record to 4-0, those per-game stats for '82 stood at 33 attempts and 308.8 yards, third best in the nation. By completing 16 of 24 passes for 280 yards against the Buffaloes, Ramsey became tops in the country in pass efficiency. All of which has helped mightily in getting the Bruins a No. 12 ranking in this week's SI Top 20.

Donahue disputes the idea that UCLA sprouted wings overnight. He argues that his teams have always been "pass effi-



Lacking an effective runner, Donahue (right) has had Ramsey throwing an eye-opening 28.7 times a game.

cient"—and, true, the Bruins ranked third in the Pac-10 in that department last year. But that was a result of Ramsey's throwing only 19 passes per game for 149.4 yards. If "efficient" was the right word for the UCLA passing attack in 1981, "sensational" is the correct one this season.

Whether the new direction will produce Donahue's first Pac-10 title is still a matter of conjecture; the Bruins face such formidable roadblocks on the way to Pasadena as Washington and Southern Cal, ranked No. 2 and No. 15, respectively by SI this week. But there's never been a more appropriate season for UCLA to make it to the Rose Bowl game, because now the bowl is the Bruins' home field, after 52 years at the Los

Angeles Coliseum, a site shared with USC.

A new home, a new offense and now an unblemished record—which includes a 41-10 rout of Long Beach State in the Rose Bowl opener on Sept. 11 and three straight victories on the road, over Wisconsin (51-26), Michigan (31-27) and Colorado—bespeak a new breed of Bruins, but Donahue can be excused for tempering his optimism. Sizzling starts are nothing new for him at UCLA. Ominously, neither are floundering finishes. In Donahue's first year the

Bruins racked up nine wins and a tie before USC beat them 24-14 in the regular-season finale. Result: The Trojans went to the Rose Bowl and defeated Michigan 14-6, and UCLA went to the Liberty Bowl where it was humiliated 36-6 by Alabama. In 1980 the Bruins won their first six games before losing on consecutive weekends to Arizona and Oregon. Though UCLA rebounded to beat USC 20-17 that season, it was the Trojans who went to the Rose Bowl.

Unnoticed while the aerial offense has gotten publicity is the fact that the Bruin defense has been more solid, if less spectacular, than it was last year. Then UCLA played a slashing, go-to-the-gap defense that too often made the Bruins vulnerable to the run. Against Michigan in the Bluebonnet Bowl, UCLA gave up 320 yards rushing in a 33-14 defeat. But when Defensive Coordinator Jed Hughes left to join Bud Grant's Viking staff, the new co-coordinators, Tom Hayes and Bob Field, installed a read-and-react

continued





Rhodes candidate Carney has a 3.5 grade point and a 4.7 time in the 40.



UCLA *continued*

mode for the line. "I like it," says Ivy Eatman, an honorable mention All-America tackle last season. "I think it's given us more flexibility, a better way of adjusting to different schemes."

"I don't like it as much," says Nose-guard Karl Morgan. "Now I have to stay in there and take guys on. I felt my speed gave me the edge the old way." But no one is complaining about the way Morgan has been playing. Though Eatman has gotten more ink—because of his name, his outgoing personality and his performance on national television two years ago when he sacked Ohio State Quarterback Art Schlichter four times—Donahue considers Morgan the heart of his defense.

Still, the offense is at the heart of the Bruins' rejuvenation, which was particularly evident in the Michigan win. In that game UCLA overcame an early 21-0 deficit as Ramsey passed for 311 yards.

"He was sensational," Bo Schembechler said of Ramsey. "It was the best game by a quarterback against us in a long time."

The victory at Michigan has left a lot

of Angelenos thinking that UCLA's shift to the Rose Bowl was a portentous one. Since 1929 the Bruins had played their home games in the Coliseum, just a stroll across Exposition Boulevard from the Southern Cal campus. But when Al Davis and the NFL Raiders barged in as

Though the Rose Bowl in Pasadena is actually about 10 miles farther from the UCLA campus than the Coliseum (24 vs. 14 miles), Donahue has played up the "home team" angle. "It's the beginning of a new era with our own stadium," he says. "So I thought it was the ideal time to take on a new identity for ourselves."

That may be true, but what made the Bruins' transformation to a passing team possible was that Donahue finally had the people he needed to make it work. Foremost among those players is Ramsey, a 6-foot, 185-pound senior, UCLA Offensive Coordinator Homer Smith describes Ramsey's importance to the Bruins' attack this way: "The coaches here haven't had nearly as much effect on the offense as Tom Ramsey's parents."

Jim and Denny Ramsey of Newport Beach, Calif., are to be congratulated, but they could've improved their timing. The Ramseys brought Tom into the world at almost the same time Jack and Janet Elway were producing another quarterback. His name is John and he plays for Stanford.

Ramsey has been playing in Elway's shadow since their sophomore years in high school when Ramsey started for Kennedy and Elway started for Granada

continued

Coliseum co-tenants, UCLA officials decided they didn't much like the neighborhood and moved out. "Sometimes I felt that we were dealing with Mr. Davis and not the Coliseum Commission," says UCLA Athletic Director Robert Fischer. "There's no doubt that with the Raiders and USC also in the Coliseum, we would've been No. 3."

Safety Don Rogers (7) got in on the pass catching with an interception against Colorado.






Taste!

You be the judge. Discover why more V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila.

V.O.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

CANADIAN WHISKY: A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES.
6 YEARS OLD. 40 & 50% ALC/VOL. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.



*"For every man the world is as fresh as it was the first day,
and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them."*

THOMAS HUXLEY



Wherever you go, whatever dream
you follow, we'd like to help.

Thanks to you, Visa is the most
accepted, most widely used name in the
world for travel, shopping, and cash.

You can do it. We'd like to help.



Regular, 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



*99% tar free.*TM

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Hills, Kennedy's archival. Donahue recruited both Elway and Ramsey, but Elway ended up in Palo Alto, where his career has inspired one long string of superlatives. Even Donahue can't help but gush: "He's an animal. He's in a class by himself. I think he's the best college quarterback to come along since Joe Namath."

No one is confusing Ramsey with Namath, but he has quietly carved a niche of his own at UCLA. Barring injury, by the end of this season he will have every UCLA passing record, surpassing the totals of, among others, Gary Beban, who was the Bruins' only Heisman Trophy winner, in 1967. Ramsey can throw long, short and on the run. He's an excellent reader of defenses—his 50-yard touchdown pass to Flanker Dokie Williams late in the second quarter against Colorado came on an audible—and an outstanding leader.

Understandably, over the years Ramsey has grown weary of hearing about Elway. Yes, they've met numerous times. No, they haven't talked quarterbacking that much. No, Ramsey doesn't think Elway has overshadowed him. What's the big difference between him and Elway? "The big difference is that they [Stanford] throw the ball 60 times a game," says Ramsey. Well, maybe that's coming your way, too, Tom.

UCLA Tight End Paul Bergmann, Ramsey's closest friend, can speak to the Elway-Ramsey issue if anyone can because he was Elway's favorite target at Granada Hills. But after meeting Ramsey in an all-star game, and deciding he didn't want to go to Stanford, Bergmann chose to follow Ramsey to UCLA. "I think Tom is about as complete a quarterback as you could want," says Bergmann. "He can drop back and throw it, he can scramble, he has field presence, he has everything. No, he can't throw it 75 yards off his back foot like John can, but that's just John. Nobody else can do that. But I do think Tom's every bit as accurate as John."

In addition to Bergmann, Ramsey has a well-matched set of wide receivers. Senior Cormac Carney, who leads the Bruins this season with 18 catches for 259 yards, has a reputation as a Fred Biletnikoff type: He has no particular strength but catches the ball whenever and wherever it's thrown to him. With eight more

receptions—he now has 80 for his career—he'll supplant Kurt Altenberg as UCLA's alltime leading receiver. Carney feels his reputation for being slow, if steady, is a bum rap; his best 40-yard time is 4.7, and he hopes defenses may loosen up on him after they see the films of the 40-yard bomb he caught from Ramsey on a straight fly pattern early in

Long Beach State he caught TD passes of 23, 48, 32 and 18 yards from Ramsey in the first half. And in the comeback against Michigan he played a key role with seven catches for 108 yards.

Bergmann is Mr. In-Between. He has caught 12 balls for 203 yards, a 16.9 per-catch average. Bergmann, who as a senior has been around long enough to appreciate UCLA's transformation this year, says he doesn't mind blocking, but this pass-catching business is more fun.

UCLA's powerful defensive tackle, Eatman (75), has played up to his intimidating name.



the second half against Colorado. And with a 3.5 grade average in psychology and a possibility of becoming a Rhodes scholar, Carney is also the man to hit when a semi-erudite quote is called for, as in: "One thing Tom Ramsey has done is maximize his physical potential."

No one has made the most of things quite as well as the other wideout, Flanker Jojo Townsell, a 5' 8", 180-pound senior who has caught 17 passes for 310 yards. With 76 career receptions, he also should surpass Altenberg's record. If Carney is Mr. Steady, Townsell is Mr. Spectacular. In the season opener against

And so it has been. Donahue is getting slapped on the back by entertained alumni and fans, and Los Angeles area newspaper writers have rechristened UCLA everything from UCLAir to UnCork Lots of Aerials. It's a refreshing change that has already yielded a first for Donahue. At the close of a light Bruin practice two days before the Colorado game, Ramsey called over his teammates and, as they looked on, presented the Michigan game ball to Donahue, the only one he's received since he took the UCLA head job. See what happens, Terry, when you let the kids put it up?

END

• A CENTURY OF •
ALL-AMERICAS



NINETEEN EIGHTY • THREE

Give \$20 to fight multiple sclerosis and get the football calendar to beat all football calendars.

Football fans, you've never seen a calendar quite like the one shown here.

It's the limited-edition *Century of All-Americans* calendar for 1983, produced by Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., with proceeds benefiting The National Multiple Sclerosis Society.

No more handsome tribute to the glamor and tradition of college football and its greatest players has ever been published. This may indeed be the first such tribute ever created specifically to honor college football's All-Americans.

As the title promises, you'll find a selection of All-Americans spanning the past century—314 of the very best who ever played the game, all the way back to Yale's Amos Alonzo Stagg in 1889. Presented in twelve big, beautifully designed pages, each almost a poster in itself.

The whole 314-man roster can't be listed here, of course. But month by month and position by position,

you'll spot countless stars of the modern era, like Namath of Alabama and Simpson of USC. Golden names from the forties and fifties—names such as Walker of SMU and Davis of Army.

And players from eras long before: the Harmons, the Baughs, the Granges, and literally hundreds of others. With Heisman Trophy winners specially noted. And even a galaxy of coaches from Rockne to Leahy to Bryant.



Ernie Nevers, Stanford, 1925—one of 314 players featured in the *Century of All-Americans* calendar



It's a unique calendar, a blend of football lore and nostalgia that you'll savor in 1983 and for years beyond. Design and printing are superb. The calendar is a generous 14½ x 22 inches in size. Even the paper quality is outstanding.

This is the second in a series of such calendars, specially commissioned by Mercedes-Benz of North America to honor a different major sport every year. You won't be seeing it everywhere, because it will not be sold commercially. And quantities are strictly limited.

But you can obtain your own and additional gift calendars directly from The National Multiple Sclerosis Society if you act soon.

In doing so, you'll be linking your love of football with compassion for your fellow man. The calendar is priced at \$20, and proceeds will go directly to

The National Multiple Sclerosis Society—aiding in the vital cause of medical research.

The *Century of All-Americans* calendar. You aren't just buying yourself a worthwhile memento; you're also investing in a worthwhile cause.

Won't you mail your coupon and check today?

To order your 1983 All-Americans Football Calendar(s), send this coupon and \$20 per calendar (check or money order) to:

National Multiple Sclerosis Society, P.O. Box 496, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



HOCKEY '82-83

As a new season begins, it's evident the game is changing. The players are younger, faster, smarter. Which means the Islanders, laughingstocks a decade ago (page 76) but now a dynasty (Scouting Reports, page 50), will triumph over younger, faster, smarter foes. In college hockey, source of the burgeoning NHL brainpower and manpower, they love James Patrick of No. 1 North Dakota (page 58). While nobody loves officials, knowing what makes them tick affords special insight into the sport.



EARNING THEIR STRIPES





"Officiating is a very unscientific profession."

—RON WICKS, NHL REFEREE

In the beginning was the Rule Book. And it was ignored. There's no sense trying to figure out exactly when that serpent got into the garden; the National Hockey League has played under its own unwritten rules for years. Suffice it to say the viper's still around. "If we went straight by the book," says Wally Harris, who has refereed in the NHL for 18 years, "we could call a penalty against each team every minute of the game. One hundred and twenty penalties a night instead of the 12 we average now."

The result—painfully evident during last spring's Stanley Cup playoffs—is approximately 108 uncalled rules infractions in every game. A two-minute hooking penalty in the first period becomes a fine defensive play in the third period.

No officials are so beleaguered or endure more foul—and fowl—behavior than those in the NHL
by E.M. SWIFT

An elbow in the chops on Wednesday night is interpreted as good, tough hockey on Saturday. A cross-check across the backbone is a penalty everywhere on the ice except in front of a player's defensive net, an area that Referee Kerry Fraser describes as "a war zone." Most baffling is why refs tend to allow the so-called superpests—Quebec's Dale Hunter, Edmonton's Ken Linseman, Philadelphia's Bobby Clarke, Montreal's Keith Acton, for example—to use their sticks in ways that would result in penalties to most other players.

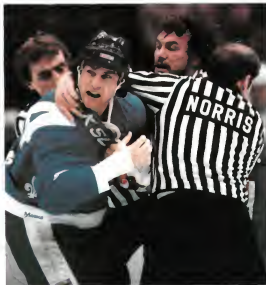
"Ask a referee why he calls a penalty one time and then ignores the same offense the next, and you'll probably get a bench penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct," says one NHL coach. "There's no point trying to figure out a certain referee's system. He doesn't have any."

Consistency My kingdom for consistency? "Every referee is different," says a Chicago player. "I can't remember whether this one allows holding an extra second longer, or what he calls hooking. It's frustrating. One guy will let me get away with something one night, and the next night I'll try the same thing and another guy will call me for it."

Pitiful, pitiful. It's not that players don't understand when they're breaking the rules. They just can't anticipate when they'll be penalized for it. In the playoffs, play is even rougher, especially in the waning minutes of a close game, when most referees close their eyes and throw away their whistles. Over the 1981-82 regular season, Harris called virtually the same number of penalties in all three periods: 234 in the first, 233 in the second and 243 in the third. But in the nine playoff games he worked, he assessed a total of 57 penalties in the first period, 49 in the second and 18 in the third.

"There's a lot of money at stake in a playoff game," says Harris, who was widely criticized for allowing the Vancouver Canucks to clutch, grab and otherwise interfere with the New York Islanders in the first game of the most recent Stanley Cup finals. "Behind the net,

continued



HOCKEY '82-83

continued

along the boards, you're going to get away with a little more, sure. It's not taking away a scoring opportunity."

"The referees feel that they don't want to figure in the outcome of the game," says Scotty Bowman, coach and general manager of the Buffalo Sabres. "They want to let the players decide it."

And decide it they do—vigilante style. "If you go into the third period and the score is close," says one player for the Los Angeles Kings, "you can haul somebody down and the referee won't call it. He doesn't want to be the difference in the game, but what ends up happening is, he is the difference."

"In the regular season, if you just touched Wayne Gretzky you would get a penalty," says another member of the Kings, who lost five of eight regular-season games to Edmonton—Gretzky's team—last year but upset the Oilers in the opening round of the playoffs. "That wasn't true in the playoffs, and it really helped us."

"We're all guilty of the same thing," says Frank Udvari, a supervisor of officials for the NHL who refereed for 16 years. "In the last five minutes of a game, we're too careful not to call the marginal penalty. If you do call a penalty, the players, the general managers, the coaches all

tell you the same thing: How can you call a penalty at that time of the game? A lot of times, rightly or wrongly, you take the path of least resistance."

One of the few officials who eschew that path is Andy van Hellemond, widely regarded as the best referee in hockey. In the 1980 Stanley Cup finals he called a penalty in overtime against Philadelphia, and the Islanders scored on the ensuing power play to win the opening game on the Flyers' ice. *How could he call a penalty in overtime?* screamed the Flyers, never for an instant denying that a foul had been committed. With eight minutes to play in the seventh game of last year's postseason series between Boston and Quebec, van Hellemond called Brum Forward Terry O'Reilly for charging. When Quebec scored on the ensuing power play, one of the Bruins told van Hellemond, "Now you owe us one." But van Hellemond didn't oblige, and Boston lost 2-1. With two seconds remaining, O'Reilly hit van Hellemond in the face during a fracas. O'Reilly is now serving a 10-game suspension. As a result of that incident, as well as one earlier in the season in which Philadelphia's Paul Holmgren punched van Hellemond in the chest, the NHL—at long last—passed a rule this summer that calls for an automatic 20-game suspension for any player who intentionally strikes an official.

"They ought to throw the rule book

out," O'Reilly said last summer. "It's a joke. The games are called differently referee to referee, game to game, period to period, team to team and player to player. If you're ahead by two goals, they'll call something they won't [call] if you're one ahead. If it's late in the game, they won't call something they called earlier. I think the game could be so much better than it is."

Stop right there. *The game could be better.* The purpose here isn't to embarrass NHL referees, individually or as a group. They receive little enough credit for their work as it is, and have received zero backing from the league office and club officials. No other sport asks as much of its referees, criticizes them as openly or abuses them as physically. After the Jets lost to Miami in the opening week of the NFL season, Jet Coach Walt Michaels was asked about the 13 penalties his team had been assessed. Michaels stated that if his club continued to take stupid penalties, it would continue to lose. When a losing NHL coach is asked about the infractions called against his team, more often than not the interviewer gets treated to a brief history of the referee's family tree—bananas and all. There are no stupid penalties in hockey, only stupid calls.

"In no other sport are referees charged so much with the responsibility of who wins and loses," says Udvari. "That's why we're such a focal point for criticism. It's been ingrained in players for years and years."

NHL referees are a focal point—period. It often has been said that the best officiated games in any sport are the ones in which the referees go unnoticed. NHL officials are about as inconspicuous as hot air balloons. While the two linesmen skate back and forth as if they were being chased by a madman with a carving knife, the referee struts and frets his hour upon the stage, often antagonizing players and fans by his very demeanor. Says one NHL general manager about Referee Bob Myers, "He could be the top official, but he's a bit of a show-off, among other things. He thinks the people paid to see him referee. They didn't."

Yet the NHL brass seems to encourage such flamboyance. Just in case an irate fan doesn't know whom he's screaming

continued



The physical demands of NHL officiating are over and above those in other sports.



**HEALTH
INSURANCE
ASSOCIATION
OF AMERICA**

1195 K Street NW Washington, DC 20005

Continually expanding health care costs are a serious problem for everyone—consumers...employers...government...and the health care industry. And hospital costs are a major factor in this increase. In 1981 hospital prices rose 17 percent while overall health care prices increased 13 percent and the price of all consumer goods and services went up only 8.9 percent.

Some people believe that cutting Medicare and Medicaid payments to hospitals will solve the problem. But this isn't the answer. When Medicare and Medicaid payments don't cover actual costs, hospitals respond by shifting the difference

WE HAVE A PLAN TO TIGHTEN THE BELT.

to private patients; this is called "cost shifting." In 1981 cost shifting added \$4.8 billion to private patients' bills and in 1982 will add an estimated \$5.8 billion.

When Medicare and Medicaid don't pay their fair share, the burden that is shifted to private patients can only increase. And, when hospitals can shift costs, they have little incentive to cut costs.

The Health Insurance Association of America has a plan that can lead to realistic cuts in health care costs, beginning with hospital costs.

First, we propose establishment by the individual states of "prospective payment systems," which determine in advance fair payments for hospital services. This would spur hospitals to watch their costs even more closely and would eliminate cost shifting. A similar system in Maryland actually saved \$86.5 million in Medicare and Medicaid payments in three years. One way to encourage states to do this would be for government to impose temporary limits on the rate of growth of hospital revenues if a state does not have a prospective payment system in place.

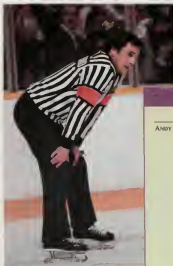
Second, we propose federal legislation to allow all insurers to join together in cost containment negotiations.

Third, we propose appointment of a Presidential commission, composed of representatives of business, labor, private health care providers, and federal and state governments, to make recommendations to Congress on health care payment reform.

If you would like to know more about how these proposals might work to hold down your health care costs, please write to us. We'll send you detailed information to help you make up your own mind about ways to tighten the belt on the ballooning cost of health care.

HOCKEY '82-83

continued



Van Hellemond has paid for being the best.

at, the league has put the names of the officials on the backs of their jerseys, contrary to the practice in all other sports, which identify them by means of numbers. "We used to have numbers," says Scotty Morrison, the NHL's chief of officiating since 1964, "but it was always assumed that the referee with the lowest number was our top guy, and the fella with number 35 was a rookie. So we decided to identify them [by name], and the response was immediately favorable."

Hockey fans are more likely to recognize a Wally Harris or a Bruce Hood than they are the starting center of the visiting team. Indeed, in no other sport are spectators so conscious of the officials and their respective reputations. One of the first questions asked in the stands at any NHL game is, "Who's the ref?"

That's also a prime concern of all coaches. To know what the standard of officiating will be on a given night is vitally important, because a referee can alter a team's game plan and style of play. When the North Stars faced Chicago in

last year's playoffs, Minnesota Coach Glen Sonmor drilled his team in hooking and holding techniques after noticing that the refs were allowing the Black Hawks to get away with flagrant hooking and holding in the series, which Chicago eventually won.

In a more perfect world, officiating would be identical from one game to the next. That, of course, is impossible in any sport. But NHL President John Ziegler doesn't even seem to be striving for a more perfect world. In a television interview during the '82 finals, he appeared to accept cavalierly the vagaries of NHL refereeing when he said, "A foul is a foul only if the referee decides it is, based on

continued

How The Referees Stack Up

NAME	AGE	COMMENTS
ANDY VAN HELLEMOND	34	<i>The best. Poised, consistent, and makes calls without regard to the scoreboard or the home crowd. Has a glass jaw.</i>
WALLY HARRIS	46	<i>The most lenient, with a boys-will-be-boys philosophy, especially in the playoffs. Tends to call penalties early in the game and look the other way thereafter. Cool, consistent, he has the players' respect. Will retire after this season.</i>
RON WICKS	42	<i>Not on the same level as Harris and van Hellemond, but maintains control. Calls a tight game, but keeps one eye on the clock and the score. Somewhat arrogant presence.</i>
BRUCE HOOD	46	<i>Used to be the best, now slipping. One team calls him Turn-'Em-Loose Bruce. Has players' respect. Like Harris, calls them early and then does a lot of winking.</i>
BOB MYERS	42	<i>Like Hood and Harris, he's a laissez-faire ref. Unpredictable. Tends to be something of a showboat. He too often gets caught out of position.</i>
BRYAN LEWIS	40	<i>Steady, middle of the pack. Won't come up with the outrageous call, or the courageous one.</i>
DAVE NEWELL	37	<i>Off season in 1981-82. He lacks rapport with the players, which leads to problems. Head of the NHL Referees Association.</i>
KERRY FRASER	30	<i>The best of the young referees, a future van Hellemond. Gutsy, cocky, he combines a natural feel for the game with a command of the rules. Only lacks experience, especially in big games.</i>
RON HOGGARTH	34	<i>Inconsistent and sometimes lets game get out of hand. "School's out," according to one general manager.</i>
DEMIS MOREL	34	<i>Improved but still inconsistent. Occasionally gets rattled in a tough game. The league's only French-Canadian referee.</i>
RON FOURNIER	33	<i>Enthusiastic but inexperienced. Quick with the misconduct and bench penalties when his calls are questioned. Hasn't yet gained the players' respect.</i>
GREGG MADILL	38	<i>A cut below the rest. Can get flustered and lose control of a game.</i>

KOOL ULTRA

There's only one way
to play it...

No other ultra brings
you a sensation this
refreshing. Even at 2 mg.,
Kool Ultra has taste that
outplays them all.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, 100's, 5 mg. "tar",
0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1985 B&W T Co.

HOCKEY '82-83

continued

the flow of the game, based on how he sees it and his position of view. Wally [Harris], we know, is a little more lenient and lets the boys play a little more than perhaps a Ron Wicks does. But that's their standards. We don't clone robots."

No mention of what the rule book says is a foul. Nope. A foul is a foul *only if the referee decides it is*. And that was no slip of the tongue by Ziegler; he was speaking accurately for NHL coaches, players, general managers, the Board of Governors, even the referees. "The rule book is just a guide," says Wicks. "If you called the game by the book, you'd be the only guy left on the ice." Adds Harris, "Every play's a discretion call. That's the whole problem with hockey."

Small wonder the referee is open for criticism—indeed, oral and written assassination—during and after every game.

The NHL uses three officials. The referee calls penalties and rules on goals. The linesmen call offside and icings, and break up fights. This year, for the first time, linesmen also will be able to stop play if they see a goal scored or a major infraction committed behind the referee's back. That's a good change. It came about as a result of a game last season between the Flyers and the Islanders in which Harris was the referee and Ron Assestine was a linesman. The score was 1-1 with about seven minutes remaining when Philadelphia's Bob Hoffmeyer speared New York's Dave Langevin in the groin. Harris didn't see the infraction, but Assestine did. As a linesman, however, Assestine had to wait until play had stopped to tell the referee what had happened. A minute and a half of continuous action went by before a Flyer shot hit the goalpost and Billy Smith of the Islanders covered the puck. The Islanders immediately converged on Harris,

"Boy, did you miss one."

"I didn't see it."

Assestine skated up. "Wally. . ."

"In a minute," Harris said, returning to the argument. "I tell you, [Denis] Potvin, if I had seen it I would've called it."

"Wally. . ."

"I said in a minute!" Finally, Harris turned to his linesman. "All right. What do you want?"

"I saw the play," said Assestine.

"What play?"

"The spear. Hoffmeyer speared him. It should be a major."

"That's good enough for me," said Harris, and he gave Hoffmeyer a five-minute penalty. The Flyers, naturally, were up in arms, and their humor wasn't improved when the Islanders scored two power-play goals while Hoffmeyer was in the penalty box and won 3-1. All the confusion and arguing would have been avoided if Assestine could have stopped



Morrison's officials are far more in step with one another at camp than during games.

Inexplicably, the NHL also permits all players—not just the team captain—to argue with referees during stoppage in play, and the league doesn't seem to object when general managers and coaches harass a referee between periods. So, the referee has been stripped of his only ally. Quick, we must find him another.

play the moment he saw the spear, as he'll be able to do this year.

The point is, the referee doesn't see a lot of violations. The game is fast, players block his view, and to a certain extent the referee must follow the puck to deter-

more when a goal has been scored. Although linesmen now can assess major infractions and a few minor ones (e.g., too many men on the ice), they still can't call the far more frequent occurrences of interference, tripping, cross-checking, hooking, elbowing and slashing that go on behind a referee's back. The obvious solution? Switch to two referees and one linesman. One referee would call penalties that occur around the puck, the other would call penalties away from the puck. The mere presence of a second ref would eliminate a lot of the cheap stuff that goes on in a hockey game, such as kicking the skates out from under an opponent and knocking his stick out of his hands.

An additional referee also would allow refs to stay in the sport longer. "I'm green with envy when I watch the Super Bowl or the World Series and I see that the chief referee or umpire is 52 or 55 years old," says Morrison. "I'd love to have a guy on our staff with 22 or 23 years' experience. But in hockey the demands are so strenuous that our officials are retiring at 45 or 46. Beyond that they just can't keep up with the play."

Witness pro basketball—it uses two referees, and 10 of its 28 refs are 45 or older, the eldest being 54. Lack of consistency is a major gripe of basketball coaches, too, but Cecil Watkins, the NBA's chief of referee development, believes that using two referees with equal authority helps maintain officiating standards throughout the league. Every few games he splits up the pairings so that one tandem doesn't go off on its own tangent. Everyone is in touch.

Not so in hockey. Currently, most referees work close to 70 regular-season games a year. After their week-long training camp in September, they seldom have a chance to see their peers work in person. No wonder standards are wildly divergent. Yet mention the idea of switching to two referees, and NHL voices rise as one. No bleeping way! "It would be chaos," says one coach. Adds another, "Right now you've got one guy messing up discretionary calls. You don't need two or three." Says a third, "One man can control a game. Two can't." And a fourth, "You'd slow the game down to a walk. You'd get three guys feeling they're important. Let one guy feel he's important."

O.K., O.K. Score another one for the immutability of the NHL. But, properly administered, the two-referee system

would work, and we might see more referees, with an equal partner out there, bypass the path of least resistance.

Short of adopting a two-referee system, the NHL, Ziegler notwithstanding, should rediscover the rule book. "It's time officials called everything," says Buffalo Forward Craig Ramsay. "Let the whole league know there will be a change in the way they call violations. Go exactly by the rules. At first, most teams won't believe the refs will go strictly by the book. There will be a lot of penalties, power plays and scoring. Sooner or later, the guys who take a lot of penalties won't be playing because they'll be giving the opposition too many power-play opportunities. Then hockey will be played the way the game was intended. It will be a better game to play and to watch."

A better game. There's that phrase again. The thing is, better is in the eyes of the beholder. Philadelphia's Clarke would like to see the old days return. "If two guys took a shot at each other, [the referee] would say, 'O.K., now you're even,' and that was that," he says. "Now if you retaliate, the referees are all over you. They're more involved in the game, and they shouldn't be."

"In hockey, you get so many ideas how the game should be played," says Matt Pavelch, a former NHL linesman who's now a supervisor. "One guy wants it this way and one guy wants it that way—and we're supposed to be inconsistent. That's why we're on the firing line all the time."

Oh, so true, and, sadly, so inevitable. When a sport strays from its rule book, as hockey has, it lurches and stumbles like a drunk, unsure where it's headed next. You can hardly blame the players; they would be foolish not to go as far as the referees allow them. "The players have almost gotten to the point where they challenge you," says Morrison, "especially in the areas of interference in front of the net, interference away from the play, holding along the boards, and goalies hanging onto the puck too long. We discussed all that with our referees at training camp this year. We're being criticized for the non-call and it's time we were more aware of that."

"I think you'll see a difference this season," says Harris. "In the old days, a guy knew how much he could get away with in the third period, but now there are so many young guys in the league, they're taking advantage of our good nature. We'll have to send them a message."



Harris' pitch: All calls are discretionary.

"It's a changing profession," says Dave Newell. "It's gotten to the point where we've got to make the players aware we'll call the same penalties in the third period that we do in the first." A good step, and the referees seem sincere about enforcing a tighter standard this season. Of course, we shall see.

In the closing minutes of the final game of last season's Stanley Cup finals, the Islanders' Smith hit Vancouver's Stan Smyl in the face with his stick, cutting him. Harris, the referee, apparently didn't see the play, but the television tapes showed that Smith had struck Smyl deliberately. On the next shift, Tiger Williams of the Canucks retaliated by cross-checking the Islanders' Mike Bossy along the boards, nearly decapitating him. Again, no penalty was assessed. In a more perfect world, the league office would have reviewed both incidents and Ziegler would have fined and suspended Smith and Williams—both of whom have a long history of such behavior. Instead, silence. Now you're even.

"We can eliminate anything we want to eliminate," says Harris. "Now's the time to start."

CONTINUED

by E.M. Swift

Patrick Division

How good are the **NEW YORK ISLANDERS**? If you took their four best players and put them on the dark side of the moon, the Islanders would still be one of the top four teams in the NHL. So much for depth. Bring those players back—Denis Potvin, Mike Bossy, Bryan Trottier and Bill Smith—and you have a dynasty. The question isn't whether the Islanders will win their fourth straight Stanley Cup, but rather, how can they fail? Talent, discipline, speed, toughness, character, coaching—you could go on and on. The only way this team can lose is to be stopped cold by a goaltender—as Pittsburgh's Michel Dion nearly did last spring in the first round of the playoffs. Moreover, the Islanders have traded for New Jersey's first-round 1983 draft choice, which could turn out to be the top pick. The only weakness on this club is its slogan: BRING FOURTH THE CUP.

The **NEW YORK RANGERS** needed most of last season to become comfortable playing under Coach Herb Brooks' system of constant motion, but by the playoffs they may well have been the second-best team in the league. Barry Beck seems on the verge of becoming the NHL's top defenseman, and if Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson can stay healthy—they played four games between them in 1981-82, when both underwent knee surgery—the offense will be much improved. Goalie John Davidson played only two games last season because of a bad back, and the Rangers are hoping he can return to the form he showed in 1978-79, when he led the Rangers past the Islanders and into the Stanley Cup finals. It could happen again.

To add mobility to their sluggish defense, the **PHILADELPHIA FLYERS** traded pesty Ken Linseman to Hartford for Mark Howe, long considered one of the game's most promising players. Howe, who's 27 now, is at the crossroads, and it will be interesting to see whether he plays at the level that

has always been expected of him. At center the Flyers have two old, slow pros, Bobby Clarke and Darryl Sittler, and 22-year-old Ron Flockhart, who last season added a strange new dimension to the Philadelphia attack—speed. The fans in the Spectrum were so shocked, they thought up a name for it: Flocky Hockey. Gone are the days of the Broad Street Bullies—Rocky Hockey—as the Flyers try to change their image.

Already a shoo-in for Executive of the Year honors is David Poile, rookie GM for the **WASHINGTON CAPITALS**. Within 10 days of taking the job, he plucked the panicky Canadians of their defense with a deal that might make the Caps the most improved team in hockey. Poile sent Rick Green and Ryan Walter to Montreal for Rod Langway and Brian Engblom, two of the NHL's best defensemen, and Doug Jarvis, a legendary face-off specialist who plays Trottier tougher than any other center. Tross now will see him seven times a season instead of three. Complementing the instant defense will be a plethora of goals. One-way player Dennis Maruk had 60 last year. Mike Gartner scored 35 and Bobby Carpenter had 32. Over the summer Washington acquired 31-year-old Milan Novy, the top Czechoslovakian scorer of all time. Pat Riggin, who came from Calgary, is only so-so in goal, but Washington has enough going for it to make the playoffs for the first time.

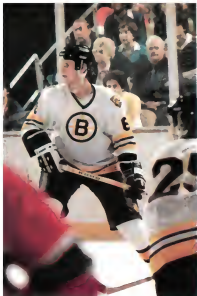
Which means the **PITTSBURGH PENGUINS** will miss them: Pittsburgh has a fine coach in Eddie Johnston, an All-Star goalie in Dion, and a power play that scored a league-record 99 goals last season. Beyond that, the Penguins have too many holes. One telling stat: This was the first year that the Penguins have had a first- and a second-round draft choice since 1976.

Don't look for the 1,800-mile shift East from Denver to improve the **NEW JERSEY DEVILS**, the sorriest team in the league. Instead of having the top pick in this year's amateur draft, they had Forward Dwight Foster, for whom they had dealt the choice to Boston in the summer of '81. Foster's plus-minus performance last season was -53, the worst in the NHL. Stung by that deal and one in which they traded their first choice in 1983 to the Islanders (for Bob Lorimer), Coach and General Manager Billy MacMillan pulled off a real biggie. He traded his one high-quality skater, Rob Ramage, to St. Louis for the Blues' No. 1 pick this year and next. MacMillan used St. Louis' 1982 selection to obtain Rocky Trottier, Bryan's brother. But Rocky missed most of last season with an injured knee, and the knee went kaput again in training camp.

continued



Langway, Jarvis and Engblom could put the Caps on the road to their first playoff berth.



No. 1 pick Kluzak will reinforce Boston's already rugged D.

Adams Division

The player the **BOSTON BRUINS** selected with New Jersey's first choice was 18-year-old Gord Kluzak, a defenseman who goes 6' 4", 221. Skating around him on the tiny Boston Garden rink is going to be no mean feat. Defense is the team's forte, with Ray Bourque, Mike Milbury, Mike O'Connell and Brad Park. Goaltending, a minus last season, will be much improved with the addition of Pete Peeters and 20-year-old Mike Moffat. But Boston needs to develop a power play if it is to challenge the Islanders. Last season only five clubs scored fewer power-play goals than the Bruins, who had 65. Rick Middleton had 51 goals in 1981-82, and rookie Center Barry Pederson scored 44. However, the typical Boston goal is still a rebound off the shinbone.

The success formula for the **MONTREAL CANADIENS** used to be: Win the Vezina Trophy (least goals allowed) and you'll win the Stanley Cup. It hasn't worked the past two years; the Canadiens were humiliated in the first round of postseason play in both 1980-81 and 1981-82 despite giving up the fewest goals in the regular season. Now, Managing Director Irving Grundman has evidently scrapped the formula. The day after he made The Trade that sent Rod Langway, Brian Engblom, Doug Jarvis and Craig Laughlin to Washington, Grundman dealt Doug Risebrough, a solid defensive forward, to Calgary for second- and third-round draft choices. "How are we going to get the puck out of our end?" asks Goalie Rick Wamsley. Good question. Grund-

man's answer is Gaston Gingras, Gilbert Delorme and Robert Picard, three inexperienced defensemen who'll give veteran Larry Robinson fits. The Canadiens expect Ryan Walter, who arrived with Rick Green from Washington, to kill penalties, beef up their power play and rejuvenate Guy Lafleur, who has slumped to 27 goals in each of his last two injury-plagued seasons. Lafleur threatened to play this season in Japan unless his contract was renegotiated. Montreal complied, but Lafleur may still wish he'd slipped into his kimono and gone.

The team that ruined Montreal's summer vacation was the **QUEBEC NORDIQUES**, who followed their playoff upset of the Canadiens with a stunning defeat of Boston. Leading the Nordiques are the Stastnys three, Peter, Anton and Marian, who staged a fraternal wildcat strike in training camp in an effort to renegotiate their contracts. Quebec has offered to talk to Peter—one of the truly great players in hockey—but has said *ne* to Anton and Marian. The Nordiques have one of the league's most potent offenses, with Michel Goulet (42 goals), Marc Tardif (39) and Réal Cloutier (37) adding some French flair to the Czech connection. But if Quebec is to climb in the standings, it will have to cut down on its goals-against, which stood at 345 in 1981-82. Dan Bouchard, the goalie, is a streak player, and if he gets hot in the playoffs, the Nordiques could beat anyone.

The big story out of the **BUFFALO SABRES'** training camp this fall was Phil Housley, the club's No. 1 draft choice. Coach and General Manager Scotty Bowman has called him "the nearest thing to Bobby Orr I've seen." Not bad for an 18-year-old kid from St. Paul. Housley is only 5' 10", 180 pounds, but he should find a spot on the team, which Bowman is in the process of rebuilding. Housley can play either center or defense. Bowman seems to like versatility. He has alternated between coaching and managing the Sabres over the past three years, with the apparent result that he has done neither job well. Bowman will start behind the bench again, but bets are that Assistant Coach Red Berenson will take over by New Year's. The Sabres' biggest shortcoming last season was lack of firepower. Mike Foligno and Dale McCourt had 33 goals apiece, followed by Gil Perreault's 31. However, Buffalo was 16th in scoring overall. Don't look for much from the Sabres for two or three years, when the young players begin to mature.

Speaking of teams not to look for—ladies and gentlemen, we give you the **HARTFORD WHALERS**. Last year Hartford traded its top draft choice for over-the-hill Rick MacLesh, and by midseason MacLesh was gone. This summer's gem was Mark Howe for Ken Linseman, whom the Whalers promptly dealt to Edmonton for Risto Siltanen. Risto Siltanen? For Mark Howe? Golly, golly, golly. For excitement, Hartford fans will be able to watch Blaine Stoughton and Pierre Larouche try to find their way back into the defensive zone while the team struggles to match the 21-41-18 record it had each of the last two seasons.

continued

Smythe Division

April 1982. Opening round of the playoffs, the **EDMONTON OILERS** vs. the Los Angeles Kings, who had finished 48 points behind Edmonton. The series is tied at one game each. Score: 4-0 Oilers in the second period. The Kings are struggling during a man-up situation. Suddenly the Edmonton bench begins booing the Los Angeles power play. Cocky? You bet. Immature? You said it. After giving up yet another goal, the Kings come back to win 6-5. They go on to steal the series three games to two. All that's sad about the Oilers' collapse is that it tarnished Wayne Gretzky's stunning season (92 goals, 120 assists, 212 points—all records), the likes of which may never be seen again. But Gretzky was no one-man gang. Glenn Anderson had 105 points, Mark Messier scored 50 goals and the Oilers' 417 goals set an NHL record. "Maybe we concentrated too much on the records," says Coach and GM Glen Sather. "I don't think you'll see Gretzky getting quite the ice time this year that he did last." We shall see. Other priorities include getting Defenseman Paul Coffey (29 goals) to perform as superbly as he did in the first half of 1981-82 and Goalie Grant Fuhr, who had a shoulder operation this summer, back into shape. Ken Linseman was acquired in August to add playoff spark, but he might end up just adding penalty minutes. Already he has been suspended for the first four games for eye-gouging in an exhibition game. The key is still Gretzky. In games in

Calgary has pinned its hopes on Badger Bob's winning attitude.



which he scored a goal last season, the Oilers were 40-6-9. When he was shut out, Edmonton was 8-11-6.

The new coach of the **CALGARY FLAMES** is Badger Bob Johnson, who guided Wisconsin to three NCAA titles. Johnson has one of the finest hockey minds in the world. He also has lots of good forwards, including Lanny McDonald (40 goals), Mel Bridgman (33), Kevin LaVallee (32), Jim Peplinski (30) and Kent Nilsson (26 in 41 games). The goaltending will be improved, thanks to the arrival of Don Edwards. The weakness will be defense, which has little depth behind Phil Russell, Richie Dunn and Paul Reinhart. Convincing the Flames that anybody can play defense if he works his tail off will be Johnson's greatest challenge.

The challenge facing **VANCOUVER CANUCKS** Coach Roger Neilson? How to keep Vancouverites from falling asleep while watching his team. Neilson's clutch-and-grab tactics work wonders in the playoffs, but over 80 games they wear thin. Still, Vancouver, which hasn't played 500-or-better hockey since 1975-76, may do so this year. Thomas Gradin (37 goals) should get offensive help from rookies Patrik Sundstrom and Moe Lemay, and he'll need it; Vancouver was 18th in goals scored last season. On defense, Tiger Williams and Harold Snepets will bang heads, but if Canuck fans think Goalie Richard Brodeur can carry this group of over-achievers to the Stanley Cup finals for the second straight year, they'll wind up crying into their towels.

Last season the **WINNIPEG JETS** were the most improved team in league history, leaping from nine wins in 1980-81 to 33. The going will be tougher this time around, primarily because the Jets are now in the Smythe Division, and thus will have eight fewer games against feckless Toronto and Detroit. Winnipeg is still on the rise, however. Last season's Rookie of the Year, Dale Hawerchuk, 19, has put on 15 pounds of muscle and weighs 190, and Morris Lukowich (43 goals, 49 assists) keeps improving. On defense, Serge Savard will hobble out for one more season, but the pivotal player is Dave Babych, once dubbed The Franchise, a title he cheerfully bequeathed to Hawerchuk. If the Jets repeat last year's 500 effort, the season will be considered a success.

Which could well leave the **LOS ANGELES KINGS** out in the cold. One of the team's difficulties is that it's hard to concentrate on hockey in Southern California, where nobody really gives a damn about the sport. Another difficulty is that L.A. plays every game on the road as if it had jet lag. Coach Don Perry, who'll be starting his first full season in L.A., is a no-nonsense type who might change some of this, but, Lord, what a row to hoe! The Kings were 20th in the NHL last year in goals against. The offense again will rely on Marcel Dionne, who had his fourth consecutive 50-goal season in 1981-82, and Dave Taylor, who had better than 100 points for the second year in a row. Charlie Simmer is trying to regain the form he displayed in 1980-81, when he had his second straight 56-goal year but broke his right leg near the end of the season. He scored just 15 goals in 50 games last year. Until the Kings figure out how to reduce the number of rebounds caroming off Goalie Mario Lessard—and going in—they'll just lose a lot of games 6-4.

continued



Splash into summer with the sassy taste of 7 & Coke,[®] 7 & ginger ale or 7 & 7UP.[®] When it comes to summer parties, they're the coolest things under the sun. So stir sensibly and make your party a splash.

Summer parties stir with



Seagram's

THE NEW CHEVROLET CAVALIER FUEL-INJECTED ENGINE WILL MAKE SO WILL ITS NEW LOWER PRICE

Chevrolet is utilizing advanced state-of-the-art front-wheel-drive technology in the new Cavalier. With its new high-torque, fuel-injected 2.0 Liter engine and new lower price,* it's going to give imports competition they haven't seen before.

Cavalier's front-wheel-drive response and available new 5-speed transmission are designed to offer you a new level of driving pleasure.

The new 2.0 Liter Cavalier. Powered by Chevrolet's determination to put Cavalier on top. And priced to keep it there.

See and drive the new fuel-injected Cavalier Wagon, Coupe, or Sedan. From America's sales leader. With all that Cavalier offers today, if you haven't seen your Chevy dealer, you're not ready to buy.

Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

*Based on a comparison of Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices for 1982 and 1983 base unit Cavalier models. Level of standard equipment may vary.



USA-1 IS TAKING CHARGE

CAVALIER • CELEBRITY • CHEVETTE • CAMARO • CITATION • MALIBU • MONTE CARLO • CAPRICE • CORVETTE

**ITS NEW HIGH COMPRESSION
GO QUICKER.**



Front-wheel-drive Cavalier Sedan



16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. '81.

Winston

America's Best.

The Men. The Cigarette.
Nobody does it better.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Norris Division

The **MINNESOTA NORTH STARS**, after making the Stanley Cup finals in 1981, came up with the slogan: so close, we CAN TASTE IT. A bit premature. All the North Stars tasted in last season's playoffs were lumber and elbow pads, courtesy of Chicago, which beat Minnesota in the first round. To add beef and gristle to his stylish team, G.M. Lou Nanne dealt Steve Christoff to Calgary for 6' 3", 205-pound Willi Plett, who has averaged 25 goals and 211 penalty minutes the last six seasons. But the biggest news is highly touted Forward Brian Bellows, the second choice overall in the draft. He should help keep the North Stars near the top for years. Goalie Don Beaupre had a sophomore slump last season, and Minnesota needs him to return to form to take some of the burden off 11-year veteran Gilles Meloche. On defense, Craig Hartsburg and Curt Giles are bona fide performers, but the North Stars must have off-injured Gary Sargent at full strength to make a run at the Cup.

The gutsiest gamble of the summer was made by Emile Francis, president and coach of the **ST. LOUIS BLUES**. He traded two first-round draft choices to New Jersey for Defenseman Rob Ramage, a four-year pro who's only 23. Ramage was a bust with the Rockies because he tried to do too much. That won't be a problem with the Blues. Near the end of the season Francis acquired Guy Lapointe from Montreal, and he helped shore up the defense. Bernie Federko sparks the offense, which suffered in 1981-82, when Wayne Babych slipped from 54 goals to 19. Taking up the slack was Joe Mullen (25 goals in 45 games). Brian Sutter gives the Blues toughness and heart, but what they need most is Goalie Mike Liut to regain his All-Star stature of 1980-81. If he does, St. Louis could surprise Minnesota in the playoffs.

Which is about the only thing the **BLACK HAWKS** did right last year. Despite having Norris Trophy (best defenseman) winner Doug Wilson, who had 39 goals and 46 assists, the Hawks allowed 363 goals. Only two teams yielded more. Where do you point the finger? Start with the coach and the goaltenders. The Hawks have done something about the former, replacing Keith Magnuson with Orval Tessier, who last season guided Chicago's minor league team in New Brunswick to the AHL's best defensive record. He'll help. But Goalie Tony Esposito no longer can do it all by himself, and Murray Bannerman isn't a front-line netminder. The Hawks will do plenty of scoring, though. Denis Savard is the NHL's most exciting one-on-one player, and Ken Yaremchuk, the

team's top draft pick, is said to be even speedier. Still, Chicago is a long way from any sort of championship.

The best news of the summer? Bruce Norris sold the **DETROIT RED WINGS**, who had missed the playoffs 10 of the last 11 years under his erratic hand. The new owner is Mike Ilitch, founder of the Little Caesars pizza chain. One of the first moves by Ilitch, who paid a reported \$10 million for the Wings, was to hire G.M. Jimmy Devellano and Coach Nick



Ilitch dished up a reported \$10 million to get a pie in the sky in Detroit.

Polano. Devellano, the Islanders' assistant GM last year, says he'll build the way his boss, Bill Torrey, did—through the draft. That will require patience. At the moment Detroit is strongest in defense, which features Jim Schoenfeld, Reed Larson and Wilfie Huber. To bolster an offense lacking a 30-goal scorer last season, Detroit acquired 12-year veteran Reggie Leach (366 goals). The Wings' new direction, coupled with the fact that Winnipeg has moved into the Smythe Division, may be enough to bag them one of the NHL's 16,000 playoff berths.

The only team Detroit has to finish ahead of is the **TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS**. Except for 54-goal-scorer Rick Vaive and 18-year-old Defenseman Gary Nylund, the third player selected in this year's draft, Toronto is bereft of quality. Defenseman Borge Salming, who began the influx of Swedish players into the NHL in 1973, is just going through the motions these days. Unless Mike Nykoluk can get him to start playing with intensity again, Nykoluk may be the first coach fired this season.

continued

PREDICTIONS

FINAL FOUR

Islanders
Quebec
Edmonton
St. Louis

FINALS

Islanders over Edmonton

ONE SWEET SIOUX

by Cathrine Wolf

Time was, if a kid harbored any hope of playing in the NHL, he almost had to come up through the Canadian junior system. Not anymore. Not only have European and U.S.-born players made well-documented inroads into the league but, somewhat more quietly, college hockey also has become a valued feeder system. Fifteen years ago the NHL had only five former collegians on its rosters. Last season 91 played. In June's amateur draft alone, 20 collegians were selected, and another 20 players in last season's NCAA championship game between North Dakota and Wisconsin had already been drafted by NHL clubs.

Before the awakening, top Canadian players were a tough target for college recruiters. One college coach remembers trying to entice a youngster to his school by telling the boy's father that his son had the potential to become an All-Amer-

has had its share, as have Clarkson, Boston College and other Eastern College Athletic Conference schools. Nevertheless, hockey isn't as strong in the East as it is in the North Central region of the country, which in the college game is referred to as the West. Minnesota alone had 14 players in the NHL in 1981-82, and the five other Western Collegiate Hockey Association members—North Dakota, Wisconsin, Denver, Colorado College and Minnesota-Duluth—contributed a total of 23. Another 16 came from the four schools that left the WCHA in 1981 to join the Central Collegiate Hockey Association—Michigan, Michigan State, Michigan Tech and Notre Dame.

Western schools have long dominated the college game, winning 28 of 35 NCAA titles. The season starts nearly a month earlier in the West (this week for 17 schools) than in the East and involves more games (35 to 40 vs. 20 to 25). In addition, Western hockey is, by reputation, rougher, which helps attract NHL aspirants, and recruiting is more aggressive than at Eastern schools. One-third of the Division I teams in the East belong to the Ivy League, in which financial aid is based on need. "We operate on need, too," says North Dakota Coach Gino Gasparrini with a smile. "We need a goaltender. We need a defenseman."

When asked to rank the teams nationally, only one of the 35 college coaches polled by SI rated an Eastern school No. 1. That was perennial powerhouse Clarkson. Minnesota has seven NHL draftees among its eight blue-chip freshmen, and Michigan State is led by the best goalie in the country, Ron Scott. Come March, however, when defending champion North Dakota hosts the NCAA's, chances are the Fighting Sioux will be the team to beat. North Dakota has the best coach in Gasparrini (now that Bob Johnson has gone to the NHL) and, in James

Patrick, a sophomore defenseman, perhaps the best player.

Two years ago Patrick was selected as the best junior Tier II player in Canada, and last season he was Freshman of the Year in the WCHA. Drafted No. 1 by the Rangers in 1981, he is the only first-round pick ever to put off the pros for college. In fact, Patrick is so good—and so fortunate—that he has a tough time remembering what it was like to play on a

NHL ALL-COLLEGE TEAM

PLAYER	TEAM	YEARS IN NHL	GAMES	GDALS	ASSISTS	COLLEGE
Deve Taylor	Los Angeles	6	353	188	264	Clarkson
Peter McNab	Boston	9	623	276	318	Denver
Ned Broten	Minnesota	2	76	40	60	Minnesota
Brian Borm	Washington	6	316	14	87	Wisconsin
Ken Morrow	Islanders	3	173	3	32	Bowling Green
GDALS-AGAINST AVG.						
Chico Resch	New Jersey	9	351	175-104-60	2.63	Minnesota-Duluth
GAMES RECORDED						

ica. "Oh, no," said Dad. "I want my boy always to remain Canadian." Those days are gone. Canadian prospects are aware of the attention pro scouts pay U.S. colleges (more than 25% of the games the NHL's Central Scouting staff watches every season are in the U.S.). They also see college games on TV (North Dakota's, for instance, are televised as far north as Saskatchewan). "As more players come into the league from the colleges," says Islander General Manager Bill Torrey, "more kids are saying, 'I can have the best of both worlds. I can get an education and play good enough hockey to become a pro.' " Because Canadian colleges offer few athletic scholarships, the players head south.

A lot of them come to the University of New Hampshire, where Coach Charlie Holt has turned out eight NHL pros in his 14 years in Manchester. Seven were in the league last season. Three-time NCAA champion Boston University also

TOP 10

1981-82
RECORD

North Dakota	35-12-0
Minnesota	22-12-2
Michigan State	26-14-2
Clarkson	26-8-1
Wisconsin	35-11-1
Bowling Green	27-13-2
New Hampshire	22-14-0
Michigan Tech	23-14-3
Denver	19-19-3
Providence	19-12-0

losing hockey team. "When I was 12 our team was one of the worst in the league," says Patrick, who's now 19. "At that age, you're busy just playing and having fun. But you still hate to lose. I sure did."

Thousands of young athletes learn to hate losing, but few experience defeat as rarely as Patrick has. Not since he was 13 has a hockey team he has played for failed to win the biggest prize available. After leading Bantam and Minor Midget teams in his native Winnipeg to Western Canada and provincial championships in 1978 and 1979, respectively, Patrick entered Notre Dame College, a boarding school in tiny Wilcox, Saskatchewan with a marvelous hockey tradition and a fine academic reputation. The Hounds finished with a 67-2-1 record and won the national Midget title in 1980. The following year, eschewing junior Tier I hockey to keep his college eligibility, Patrick played for the Prince Albert (Sask.) Raiders, a Tier II team. They, too, won the national championship, going 57-7-1.

Last season, despite being a No. 1 draft choice and the ninth pick overall, Patrick matriculated at North Dakota. He had five goals and 24 assists as the Fighting Sioux went 35-12 to win their second NCAA championship in three years. Patrick was the only freshman named to the all-tournament team. Three months earlier, during Christmas break, he had played on the Canadian team that won the Junior Worlds, in Minneapolis. "Up to now, every decision James has made has been perfect," says his father, Steve, a real estate man who was a CFL All-Pro lineman for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers under Bud Grant and a member of the Manitoba Parliament in 1962-77.

While he could stand to beef up his 6' 2", 192-pound frame, Patrick has what it takes to be a Ranger right now. His defensive partner at Notre Dame and in the Junior Worlds, Gord Kluzak, was the No. 1 pick in the entire NHL draft this year. Barry MacKenzie, who coached them both at Notre Dame, says Patrick was the better player, albeit partly because he is 10 months older.

Why, then, will Patrick be attending an 11 a.m. economics class this fall while Kluzak skates with the Boston Bruins? "I want to experience university life," Patrick says. "Plenty of guys are 18 and in the NHL, but they're missing a lot. Sure, they make lots of money, but a lot of them sign and then end up in the minors, feed off."

Witness Patrick's older brother, Steve, 21, who turned down a scholarship at North Dakota to play for Brandon, Manitoba, one of the top Canadian junior teams, because he was told the move would propel him directly into the NHL. Sure enough, the Buffalo Sabres made Steve their first pick in 1980, but since then he has been shuttled among Buffalo, Brandon and Rochester of the American Hockey League. "Right now, Steve says if he had it to do over again, he would go to college," says James.

Grand Forks, the original home of Cream of Wheat and one of the few places in the world that have legalized gam-



After leading North Dakota to the national title, Patrick could have joined the Rangers, but he decided instead to keep hitting the books.



bling with a \$2 maximum (in casinos and hotel lounges), is a grand place to play college hockey. As the only Division I sport in the state, hockey outdraws every other sport at the school. Gasparini, who became coach four years ago, teaches a rough brand of hockey, emphasizing defense, and Patrick practices what the coach preaches. "James has extreme quickness and a tremendous knowledge of the game," says Gasparini. "He can make a play in open ice, and when there's a lot of traffic, as well."

"I can handle the puck and skate with it good," says Patrick, "but that shouldn't take away from my defensive play. At the Junior Worlds, Gord and I had only one goal scored on us in seven games."

"At first, people couldn't figure out why he was drafted in the first round," says Goalie Darren Jensen. "Some said, 'Maybe we've been gypped. This guy isn't so great.' But he does everything to a T. He makes it look so easy."

Sometimes Patrick doesn't even have to show up to be recognized. For finishing second in the RPI Invitational, which was held during the Christmas holidays while Patrick was at the Junior Worlds, the Sioux were given a wrist-watch. One watch for the whole team. Gasparini let the players decide what to do with it. By season's end, they had: It went to the player with the best plus-minus total—Patrick.

Evidently, they hadn't been gypped.

A big day for the small fry

CBS sent its NFL heavies out into the boonies to air Division III games

by William Taaffe

It's Monday, Sept. 27. The scene is an office in the CBS building in New York City, where the network's NFL announcers have gathered to learn their assignments for the following Sunday. As a CBS executive goes down the line, handing out slips, anticipation turns to disbelief. "Wisconsin-Oshkosh at Wisconsin-Stout?" says Tim Ryan in bewilderment after reading his slip. "Where is this Stout?"

"There isn't any Stout," says a voice from the back of the room. "That's supposed to be a college. The name of the town is Menomonee."

"Anybody know what a Millsaps is?" says Tom Brookshier. "First they separate me from Pat Summerall, then they give me West Georgia versus Millsaps in Jackson, Mississippi. You think they're trying to tell me something?"

Suddenly John Madden breaks into the room, waving his arms. "As I was saying," he shouts, "this here game they gave me, Wittenberg versus Baldwin-Wallace, is in Springfield, Ohio. My train only goes to Toledo, but on this map here, it's two inches to Springfield. So if I catch the train from Grand Central tomorrow..."

Should the history of Division III football ever be recorded, let it be noted that Ryan found Stout, Brookshier learned to love Millsaps, and Madden drove those final two inches to Springfield. And at the University of San Diego-Occidental game in Los Angeles, Dick Stockton didn't fall from his open-air broadcast scaffold at the 50-yard line onto Occidental's dirt running track. As our semiafactual opening scene suggests—most of the words were spoken, but not in one room—some at CBS were skeptical about the network's decision to air a slate of Division III games in place of NFL reruns on Sunday. They needn't have been. These games caught the spirit of American football Saturdays in a most unusual way. Midway through West Georgia's 41-6 victory over Millsaps, Brookshier put it well. Noting that Division III colleges offer no athletic scholarships and mindful that more than 3% of Millsaps' student enrollment of 1,205 is on the football team, he said, "This is the way college football was meant to be played."

According to its \$131.75 million contract with the NCAA, CBS had to show four Division III games this season.

When, where or how didn't matter. In fact, CBS planned to air the games "point-to-point," or only to the towns where the schools are located and the immediate surrounding areas. But faced with the NFL strike and scrambling for substitute programming, CBS decided to fulfill its commitment in one afternoon. The result? A Division III TV blitz in every region of the country. Fleeting fame for the likes of Steve Varga, the son of a Yugoslavian immigrant, whose fourth-quarter field goal gave Baldwin-Wallace a 16-14 win over Wittenberg. A glimpse of Lamar West of West Georgia, a 5'8", 155-pound kick-off-return man who scored touchdowns of 92 and 91 yards. Afterward, West said of his first TV appearance, "I don't think they could see me because I'm so small." In short, the day was a moment in the sun for the unsung. "CBS asked us for our highlight films," said Wisconsin-Oshkosh Sports Information Director Scott Berchtold. "We don't even have highlight films. Sometimes we're lucky to have game films."

That CBS carried the Division III games says more about power politics in sports television than the network's commitment to the football have-nots. When the NFL went down, CBS wanted to fill its pro football slots with Division I-A games. The NCAA said O.K., but the other college football broadcasters—WTBS, Ted Turner's SuperStation, and ABC—wouldn't allow CBS to broadcast extra games without extracting several pounds of telefeels. Turner wasn't even disposed to let CBS move a Division I-A game from Saturday to Sunday without the network making what it considered unreasonable concessions. For example, he wanted CBS to promise not to schedule college telecasts opposite the proposed NFL Players Association All-Star games, the rights to which he owns.

CBS said no to Turner's demands, leaving itself only with Division III, which accounts for 193 of the 506 football-playing schools in the NCAA but



After two inches by auto, Madden (center) joined sidekick Summerall in Springfield.

only .4% of this season's television revenues. So impoverished is Millsaps' football program that the \$15,000 it got for appearing on CBS was equal to three-fifths of the college's athletic budget. By contrast, a Division I-A university receives \$600,000 for a regional TV appearance.

Once it settled on Division III, CBS had to choose the best matchups and persuade the home teams to switch their games to Sunday. Wittenberg, Millsaps and Occidental, which beat San Diego 34-20, agreed to the move before the first \$1,000 bill fluttered to the ground. But No. 1-ranked Widener (playing Muhlenberg), Bowdoin (playing Amherst) and Wesleyan (playing Tufts) declined. Wisconsin-Stout became the final piece of the regional TV mosaic. Said Stout Athletic Director Warren Bowlus, "When we heard we had a chance to be on, it didn't take long to get the game switched. I think my hardest chore was trying to convince Jim Flood [Oshkosh's athletic director] that I wasn't kidding." Stout defeated Oshkosh 23-15.

For the announcers and the crews, solving logistical problems was no mean feat. As viewers learned, Division III stadiums are small. Brookshier had a hard time even finding Millsaps' Alumni Field in Jackson. First he went to 67,500-seat Memorial Stadium, where Mississippi State plays. Then he stumbled onto Newell Field, a 10,000-seat high school facility. Both stadiums dwarf Alumni Field, which can seat 1,800 if all the fans sit with their legs together. At Occidental's Patterson Field, 2,500 sardines sat on one side of the field, forcing the cameramen and announcers to set up in front of unfinished stands on the other side. "I've seen stadiums in western Pennsylvania that were bigger than this," said Stockton before the game. "The press box they have looks like a mummy's tomb. It seats about four. Five players on the Occidental team live under the stadium. No kidding. Their rooms are under the stands, including the starting quarterback's and the wide receiver's."

Nor could the announcers prepare for the games with the normal 100,000 pages of statistics they are accustomed to getting from the NFL. Occidental Sports Information Director Gary Etcheverry was too busy to run the mimeo machine during the game anyway, seeing as how he's also the team's defensive coordinator. "I know the media expect stats at the

continued

"I never knew gold rum tasted like this."



If you're still drinking whiskey on the rocks...



It's because you haven't tasted gold rum on the rocks.



Try gold rum — the smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians, even Scotch. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized

skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

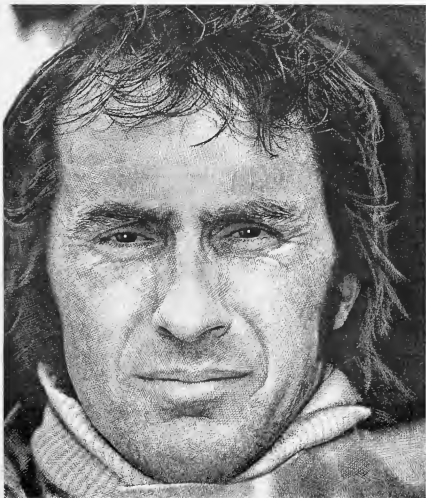
RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.



For more: Rums of Puerto Rico, Inc., 10010 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 10102 © 1987 Government of Puerto Rico

A man in search



Jackie Stewart, three-time world champion driver, now consultant to Ford Motor Company

Get it together—buckle

of an honest car.

I've traveled around the world looking for a certain kind of car.

I call it the honest car.

Once, I would have started my search in Europe. Because Europeans had to face crowded roads and high fuel costs sooner than people in other parts of the world.

But things have changed.

Now you also have to look in the U.S., and at companies like Ford.

And what is an honest car supposed to do? In a few words: It's a car that starts, stops and steers.

Of course, this is a terrific oversimplification.

Take the first point, starting.

Some small-engined cars have tended to be cranky starters.

Ford has opted to meet the problem in certain models with electronic engine controls, multiple-port fuel injection and stronger starters.

It took time and money, but it was the responsible way to go.

And then there's stopping.

Stopping quickly, in a straight line, with the car under control, is the name of the game here.

And Ford products undergo extensive testing while striving to improve their braking characteristics.

Ford gets a grip on it.

All Ford cars are equipped with steel-belted radial tires. But Ford doesn't stop there. On certain models, tires and wheels are "indexed."

Since tires and wheels have a "high" point and a "low" point, these are marked,

so "low" and "high" can be matched when tire and wheel are assembled.

A small point, but it is attention to details like these that gives you a rounder tire and wheel combination to help ride quality.

And then there's steering.

In the past, many people were content with cars that emphasized boulevard ride, not handling.

I've been told that you could blame this on a mythical Aunt Minnie. It was said she didn't like cars that responded quickly and accurately to driver input.

But if Aunt Minnie didn't like a responsive car, what was she doing tooling around in that little, quick-on-the-trigger compact?

U.S. drivers like a quick-to-react car.

Not necessarily a sports car. But one that feels like it's being driven by the driver, not some disinterested third party.

An impressive change in one company's cars.

It's a change in aerodynamics, in handling, in quality. In what the engineers call product integrity.

I think someday every good car company has got to have this new approach to building cars.

Ford has it. Now.



FORD • MERCURY • LINCOLN • FORD TRUCKS

end of each quarter," said Echeverry. "We normally don't have them until Monday."

Finally, there was the matter of prestige. Upon arriving in Springfield, Summerall called a friend in New York City, who asked him which game he was working on Sunday. "I told him Baldwin-Wallace and Wittenberg," said Summerall. "and he said, 'Baldwin, Wallace and Wittenberg? I thought there were only two teams playing.'"

"Most Division III players lack size," said Stockton, assessing the quality of the football he had broadcast. "They're about two-tenths of a second off what decent speed for the 40 would be, and the overall ability is lacking. But these kids want to play." Added Madden, "I volunteered for this. This is important; it's good. With all the money talks and strike talks, this is refreshing."

THE WEEK

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

EAST For top-ranked Pitt, just four little syllables under three quarters of futility against West Virginia. When West Virginia Linebacker Darryl Talley blocked and recovered a punt in the end zone, the Panthers trailed 13-0. "Standing there waiting for the kickoff return, we started to scream. 'We ain't goin' down,'" said Offensive Guard Ronnie Sams. "When we got in the huddle we all put our hands together and gave our chant, 'Bo-he-mo-on, Bo-he-mo-on.' [Sams] dad distributes Stroh's Bohemian beer." It's something that gets us going in practice, but we hadn't done it in a game." Nine plays and 83 yards after that kickoff, Pitt had its first touchdown. Quarterback Danny Marino pinging to Byron Thomas on a three-yard TD run. Two series later Marino hit Wide Receiver Julius Dawkins on a six-yard look-in to give the Panthers the lead. Defensive Tackle Bill Mass sealed the 16-13 victory by chasing WVU Quarterback Jeff Hostetler out of the end zone for a safety.

"He was throwing helicopters," said Boston College Coach Jack Racknet, describing the passing of Doug Flutie, his sophomore quarterback, in the first half of the Eagles' 17-7 defeat of Temple. Though Flutie did finally settle down—he finished 18 of 36 for 266 yards—it was his 34-yard dash in the fourth quarter on a quarterback draw that clinched unbeaten BC's home opener.

Maryland's Jess Atkinson booted four field

goals in the Terps' 26-3 defeat of Syracuse; the Rutgers defense harassed William & Mary Quarterback Sean Yagello, the top-ranked passer in Division I-AA going into the game, into three interceptions in its 27-17 defeat of the Indians, and Delaware's K.C. Knobloch lacked a school-record 23rd career field goal, this one with 41 left to give the Blue Hens a 20-19 victory over Lehigh.

After overwhelming Columbia 51-31, Penn found itself 3-0 for the first time since 1968, while Yale found itself 0-3 for the first time in the 110 years it has played intercollegiate football—following a 10-6 loss to Holy Cross. Princeton rallied to beat Brown 28-23; Boston University downed Cornell 17-6; Massachusetts throttled Rhode Island 17-7; Colgate defeated Dartmouth 38-21; Connecticut downed New Hampshire 20-17; and Army noosed out Harvard 17-13.

Maine's games are becoming mercifully shorter—but the Black Bears can't seem to avoid losing by three. After falling 58-55 to Rhode Island in six overtimes and 48-45 to BU in four OTs, the marathon men from Orono blew a 17-3 lead and lost 35-32 to Towson State on Sean Landeta's 22-yard field goal with one second left. In regulation.

SOUTH "If we don't go out and let our brains become scrambled eggs, we'll win the football game." Louisiana State Coach Jerry Stovall told the under-ranked Tigers at halftime of their 24-13 upset of Top Ten Florida. To get the first egg on their record, the Gators jacked themselves, taking the collar on four touchdown opportunities inside the LSU 20. The Tigers built a 24-5 lead at the half, getting three touchdowns from freshman Tailback Dalton Hilliard, who ran for 127 yards and caught four passes for 80 more. LSU Quarterback Alan Risher completed his first seven passes, finished nine of 14 for 148 yards and hit Hilliard for TDs of three and 41 yards as the Tigers remained unbeaten in three games. "I don't think we blew Florida out," Stovall said afterward. "I think we have a good club, but how good I'm not sure."

Arkansas State's Larry Laceywell, on the other hand, knew how good his Indians were in relation to Alabama even before they

played. He scheduled the game for the thrill of coaching against Bear Bryant, who, like Laceywell, had played for the Fordyce (Ark.) High Redhags. "This has been a thrilling day for me, as well as a thrilling day for my players," he said after losing the Redbag Bowl 34-7. "I'm also thrilled it's over." The Bama offense may have been, also, after losing six fumbles. But backup Quarterback Perry Cuda, who for the past two years has regularly received phone calls and postcards from a woman who claims to be Brooke Shields, let nothing come between him and his split end. He hit Joyce Jones for TD passes of 20 and 17 yards twice within 23 seconds of the second quarter.

"I'm 95 percent there," proclaimed Tailback Kelvin Bryant, still recovering from a sprained ankle suffered against Pitt in the opening game of the season, as the Tar Heels defeated Georgia Tech 41-0. In fact, Bryant carried almost 95% of the load on a 76-yard Tar Heel scoring drive after entering the game in the second quarter. He ran right for 16 yards, then left for 13, handed off to Flanker Mark Smith on a 10-yard end-around and threw 12 yards to Smith on a tailback pass to the five before taking it in himself. Bryant handled the ball on nine of the drive's 10 plays.

At halftime, trailing Nebraska by only a touchdown, Auburn honored two of its graduates, Ken Murrain and Henry Hartsfield of Columbia fame. The Tigers then incinerated upon reentry. The Cornhuskers scored 27 points in the second half on their way to a 41-7 rout.

In the October issue of *Gameposts*, a national interfaith magazine, Georgia's Herschel Walker revealed that he had considered quitting football early last season and again this year in preseason practice. Walker wrote that he had drawn strength from a picture of Jesus in his dorm room. "I realized I'd found the example I needed to follow," he said. Walker's 215 yards rushing led the Bulldogs in their 29-22 defeat of Mississippi State, but the win wasn't insured until Middle Guard Kevin Jackson recovered Bulldog Quarterback John Elway's fumble at the Georgia 18 late in the fourth quarter.

Clemson President Bill Aitchley ordered Coach Danny Ford to withhold Quarterback Homer Jordan from the Tigers' game with Kentucky because of the school's investigation of Jordan's purchase of a 1982 car. In rolled backup Mike Epley, the starting point guard on the Tiger basketball team, to trigger a 24-6 win over the Wildcats. Epley completed nine of 13 passes for 95 yards, and Tailback Cliff Austin ran for 116 and three TDs.

Navy's Marco Pagnanelli broke Roger Staubach's 19-year-old school record for completion percentage in a game—he was 15 of 17 for 171 yards (88%) and two TDs—as the Midshipmen tagged Duke with its first loss, 27-21. Blue Devil Quarterback Ben Ben-

continued



The Stafford Collection.

Vested suit \$175. Harris Tweed sportcoat \$119. Dress shirt \$45.

Dedicated to the well-dressed man.

Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. Available at most large stores. ©1992 The J.C. Penney Company, Inc.

sett, throttled for three quarters by a Navy defense that had eight men off the line of scrimmage, completed 20 of 24 for 262 yards and three TDs in the final quarter alone.

Elsewhere, N.C. State beat Virginia 16-13; Wake Forest edged Virginia Tech 13-10; Tennessee defeated Tulane State 10-3; Vanderbilt downed Tulane 24-21; Southern Mississippi thumped Memphis State 34-14; and South Carolina thrashed Cincinnati 37-10.

WEST "He's been bugging me for a year to play tailback," USC Coach John Robinson said early last week. "Now's his chance." Fullback Todd Spencer's wish to play that storied position for the Trojans—Rocky Bell and Marcus Allen were both converted fullbacks—came true when Southern Cal Tailback Fred Crutcher went down with a knee injury. And Spencer made the most of his chance by rushing 29 times for 149 yards on three touchdowns as USC defeated Oregon 38-7.

Washington's 46-25 win over San Diego State didn't sit well with Husky Coach Don James. "I told the team in the locker room that four or five teams on our schedule would beat our brains out if we played against them the way we've been playing." Washington led by only 18-14 at the half, but by then Chuck Nelson had kicked four field goals in a row, from 33, 32, 49 and 23 yards out. That set an NCAA record for consecutive field goals with 19, breaking the three-year-old mark of 16 shared by Ish Ordonez of Arkansas and Maryland's Dale Castro.

Arizona State's defense set up or scored 27 of the Sun Devils' points in a 30-7 defeat of previously unbeaten Kansas State, which gained just 47 yards in 43 rushes. Defensive End Bryan Caldwell recovered a fumble to set up one TD and ran an interception 20 yards to score another.

"You feel a little pang, sure, seeing your record vanish before your eyes," said Jim Plunkett, the L.A. Raider quarterback, after watching his Stanford career passing yardage mark fall at the hands—and arm—of John Elway in the Cardinal's 45-5 romp over Oregon State. Elway's 381 yards in 2½ quarters gave him 7,610 for his career.

San Jose State and Elway's dad, Jack, lost their first game, 26-7 to California; Wyoming defeated Hawaii 28-10; Big Sky Conference preseason favorite Boise State was upset by Northern Arizona 30-14 on Scott Lindquist's three touchdown passes; Montana State beat Idaho State 30-27; Idaho edged Weber State 35-34; and Montana edged Nevada-Reno 28-27.

MIDWEST First quarter, Michigan State ball, first-and-10 on its own 29. The Spartans lost five yards. They lost 14. They lost 10 more. Oops, that made Michigan State Quarterback John Leis-

ter the only Spartan to get into an end zone all afternoon in an 11-3 loss to Notre Dame. Irish Defensive Tackle Mike Gann nailed Lester for the safety that put the Irish up 2-0, and walk-on Mike Johnston kicked field goals of 33, 29 and 42 yards. "Hey, we've got to give Johnston one, too," said Irish Coach Gerry Faust upon realizing he had overlooked his kicker after awarding game balls to his four defensive coaches. The Notre Dame defense picked off four passes, recovered two fumbles and held the winless Spartans to 19 yards rushing.

"There wasn't a lot of excitement, was there?" said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler after the Wolverines had beaten back Indiana 24-10. No, Bo, there wasn't. Michi-

Wilson ran a punt back 46 for a touchdown.

Oklahoma junked its wishbone completely in favor of the I formation in a 13-3 victory over Iowa State. "We needed this win," explained Sooners Coach Barry Switzer, "and our runners had lost their confidence." Perhaps Switzer had, too: The Daily Oklahoman of Oklahoma City, the state's largest newspaper, editorialized last week that Switzer should think of moving on and suggested that his outside business interests had something to do with the team's 1-2 record. Switzer would have none of it. "We won and won," he said. "Now that we stubbed our toe, it's time for me to go."

Jim Melka's 32-yard, last-minute punt return for a TD gave Wisconsin a 35-31 win over Purdue. Miami downed Louisville 28-6. Missouri defeated East Carolina 28-9; Tulsa beat Kansas 20-15; Miami of Ohio blanked Kent State 20-0; Ohio edged Toledo 17-14; and Bowling Green took over first place in the Mid-American Conference by beating Western Michigan 7-3.

Northwestern, which had broken its record 34-game losing streak the previous week, lost 45-7 to Iowa, and new losing streak leader Eastern Michigan dropped its 23rd straight, 13-8 to Central Michigan.

SOUTHWEST "I still carry the humiliation," said Arkansas' All-America Defensive End Billy Ray Smith before last week's game with Texas Christian. Smith, who at 6' 3½", 228 pounds, would seem very hard to humble, has been smarting since the Razorbacks' 28-24 loss to the Horned Frogs last October in Fort Worth. On TCU Payback Night Smith forced and recovered a fumble that set up the first Hog touchdown and subsequently put the clamps on Frog Quarterback Eddie Clark as he threw a pass into Arkansas Defensive Tackle Earl Buckingham's hands. Buckingham walked eight yards for a touchdown in a 35-0 Arkansas victory.

For the third time in four games Southern Methodist scored on its second play from scrimmage. Quarterback Jeff Courtwright, starting for the injured Lane McIlhenny, connected with Tailback Craig James on a 96-yard touchdown pass play to open a 38-10 romp past North Texas State.

New Mexico, 4-0 for the first time since World War II, beat Air Force 49-37 with 502 yards of total offense. Baylor built a 21-0 lead and had the ball at the Houston five-yard line while up 21-7 in the third quarter, but gained nothing more than a 21-21 tie; Texas used four quarterbacks in a 34-7 rout of Rice. Quarterback Jim Hart capped three third-quarter drives with TD passes as Texas Tech upset Texas A&M 24-15; Brigham Young rolled over Texas-El Paso 51-3; New Mexico State won its first game, 26-17 over Illinois State; and Wichita State came from behind to beat West Texas State 24-21.

SI TOP 20

1. PITT (4-0)	1*
2. WASHINGTON (4-0)	2
3. GEORGIA (4-0)	3
4. PENN STATE (4-0)	4
5. SMU (4-0)	5
6. ARIZONA STATE (5-0)	6
7. NEBRASKA (3-1)	7
8. N. CAROLINA (3-1)	8
9. ALABAMA (4-0)	10
10. ARKANSAS (4-0)	11
11. NOTRE DAME (3-0)	12
12. UCLA (4-0)	13
13. FLORIDA (3-1)	14
14. MIAMI (4-1)	15
15. SOUTHERN CAL (3-1)	16
16. W. VIRGINIA (3-1)	17
17. TEXAS (3-0)	18
18. BOSTON COLL. (3-0-1)	18
19. LSU (3-0)	—
20. FLORIDA STATE (3-1)	—

* Last week

gan used its grind-it-out ground game of yore, passing just 10 times while running 62. Tailback Lawrence Ricks carried on 22 of those occasions, for 124 yards and one TD.

Quarterback Kelly Lowrey caught an 11-yard touchdown pass from Fullback Cedric Jones on an option play and threw six yards to Tight End Zeke Mowatt for another score that gave Florida State a 14-10 lead and sent the Seminoles on their way to a 34-17 defeat of Ohio State, the Buckeyes' second straight loss at home for the first time in 10 years.

Minnesota ran 96 plays to Illinois' 59, had 31 first downs to the Illini's 11 and outgained its Big Ten rival 442 yards to 345. Yet Gopher Coach Joe Salem said, "We got the hell beat out of us." The reasons the Gophers lost 42-24: seven fumbles, seven sacks and two big plays sandwiched around a safety. Illini Quarterback Tony Enson hit Wide Receiver Mike Martin for an 80-yard touchdown, and Kirby

GALE SAYERS ENDORSES SOLOFLEX®



"Soloflex is the best designed, best built, and best performing weightlifting tool on the market. You can take my word on it. Better yet, call for the free brochure."

Gale Sayers
Gale Sayers

Pro Football Hall of Fame

For a free Soloflex® brochure call 1-800-453-9000

or write Soloflex, Hillsboro, Oregon 97123

24 traditional barbell, pulldown and freebody stations. \$495.00



Taking a shot at the Bucks

Former Celtic star Dave Cowens is making a comeback in Milwaukee

Who knows why Dave Cowens is returning to the NBA after a two-year retirement? Who knows why Cowens, the 6' 8½", 228-pound center who was the NBA's MVP in 1973, is now in the Milwaukee Bucks' training camp instead of the Boston Celtics', his former team? Who knows? Well, certainly not Cowens. "I don't intend to go out and brag about my coming back," he says. "Honestly, I don't know why I am."

Nonetheless, for whatever reason, Cowens, being perhaps of sound mind and body, decided early this year to determine just how sound each was. That ultimately led to his return to the NBA last Saturday when he reported to the Bucks' training camp.

But until he pops in a lefthanded jump hook from the baseline or blocks a shot in the lane, and does it more than 30 games into the season, the jury will be out on whether the Bucks and Cowens, who's nearly 34 and for the last 17 months has been athletic director at Regis College in Weston, Mass., made the right choices. "I see it as fun and a challenge," Cowens says, "but I'm not interested in doing it part time. I don't want nagging injuries to bother me all the time."

"There's a real question as to how successful Dave can be in his comeback," says General Manager Jerry Colangelo of the Phoenix Suns, who almost signed Cowens. "But Dave Cowens is unique. If his mind is set to do it, he will."

Ah, yes, the famous Cowens on-court mind set, the crazed look, the nonstop intensity. And that mental toughness still seems to be there; over the nine months since Cowens decided to give the comeback shot, he has run and lifted weights with such unyielding purpose that he arrived in Milwaukee in remarkably good shape. Although he weighs about the same as he did before his retirement, his body is tauter, his muscles tighter. "If nothing else, he'll look great in the team picture," says Bucks Coach Don Nelson.

The Bucks had more than a little beefcake in mind last month when they traded starting Point Guard Quinn Buckner, 28, to the Celtics for Cowens. In the past two years Milwaukee has fallen just short of overtaking Eastern Conference rivals Boston and Philadelphia. "We could beat them or anyone else on any given night,"

by Anthony Cotton

Nelson says, "but in a seven-game series they tended to wear us down. We weren't a powerful team. Bob Lanier, the most powerful guy we have, is too old (he's also 34, but his knees are 106) to be the muscleman anymore."

Yeah, fine, but if Cowens is so tough why isn't he pushing opponents around for the Celtics, for whom he toiled so zealously for 10 seasons? One reason is that Boston is well-stocked up front with Robert Parish, Larry Bird, Kevin McHale and Rick Robey, all of whom are as big as or bigger than Cowens. Another, although Cowens won't admit it directly, is that he didn't like playing for Celtic Coach Bill Fitch three years ago and found the prospect of doing so again less than inviting. Nelson is another story. He and Cowens were tight when they were teammates in Boston, where Cowens was the main cog and Nelson the wily forward on Celtic teams that won NBA titles in 1974 and 1976.

Besides, coming back to the NBA but not with Boston might have had special appeal to Cowens' iconoclastic soul. He has always gloried in the unconventional, whether it was living in a pool house or dressing in the cheapest clothes possible or taking a 65-day "leave of absence" during the 1976-77 season or driving a cab later that season.

If Cowens can make a successful comeback, then Nelson will have his powerful front line, with Lanier in the middle and Cowens and Marques Johnson at the forwards. But the price the Bucks had to pay—Buckner—may have been too high. Some Milwaukeeans, and more than one member of the Bucks, believe that Nelson traded the heart of the Bucks for a player who may turn out to be no more than an expensive drinking buddy. "Time will tell" should be the Bucks' motto this season, but Nelson isn't sure he has that luxury.

"I read where people were going to start shooting at my dog like they did [former Green Bay Packer Coach] Dan Devine's," says Nelson.

"He doesn't even have a dog," says Milwaukee Assistant Coach John Killen. "People may start to think it's me,

continued

For 1983, General Motors has
lowered sticker prices on 38 cars by
\$250...\$500...\$1500.

We've held the line on 26 others.
Most of the rest are priced just
moderately higher.*



A NEW WORLD OF VALUE IS AT GM DEALERS NOW.

Buying a new GM car is always a rewarding experience. But right now it's even more of one because of General Motors responsive new pricing for 1983. We have lowered prices or added equipment at no charge.

The prices on our newest, fuel-efficient, front-drive cars are lower. Meaningfully lower.

We're holding the prices on the balance of

our subcompact cars and most of our compact models.

And the increases on most other GM cars are less than the prevailing inflation rate.

So see your GM dealer today and take advantage of GM's newly restructured prices.

There hasn't been a better time to buy a great new GM car in a long, long time.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

*Based on a comparison of Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices for comparable 1982 and 1983 models.

LET'S GET IT TOGETHER BUCKLE UP

so now I don't walk anywhere near him."

One reason the trade is especially controversial is that last spring the Bucks' title hopes were dashed when Buckner suffered a dislocation and torn ligaments in his right thumb 12 games before the end of the regular season. In the Eastern semifinal series against the '76ers' half-court traps and presses, Sidney Moncrief and Brian Winters struggled to get the ball up the court, a task Buckner usually performed with consummate skill.

"People who had no idea what a point guard is are mouthing that we need a

reach that level. If he's very mediocre we'll still be a better team. I'm more confident than Dave is. He just says, 'I don't know how good I'll be, but I'll give it my best shot.'" Indeed, Cowens is officially only on leave from Regis.

And being able to give his all is important to Cowens. When he walked out on the Celtics—and his \$280,000 salary—in '76-'77, he did so, he said, because he'd lost his enthusiasm. During that time, Cowens sold Christmas trees back home in Kentucky. Eventually, after some gentle arm-twisting by Celtic President Red Auerbach, he resumed playing. When asked at the time why he came back, Cowens replied, "Because if I didn't, I would be denying myself the privilege of doing what I do best."

But Cowens was never able to rekindle his old spark. A 27-41 record as player-coach of an uncharacteristically selfish Celtics team in 1978-79 did little to help his psyche. Nor did nagging injuries to his back, ankles and feet. Nine days before the start of the 1980-81 season, Cowens stood up on the team bus as the Celtics were traveling to Evansville, Ind. for an exhibition game and announced his retirement, saying he could no longer perform effectively.

In April of '81, when the Celtics were en route to their 14th NBA title, Cowens accepted the position at Regis, where he had run a summer basketball camp for 10 years. His visits to Boston Garden that season and in 1981-82 were infrequent.

Although Cowens says he doesn't know why he chose to make a comeback, he does admit that the bug bit about the first of this year. "I had decided that I would try, so I started to tone up my body," he says. Then six weeks before the start of this past summer's camp at Regis, Cowens invited an old friend, David Guidugli, to Boston for a couple of months to help in his training.

"At first I couldn't even run, my condition was so bad," says Cowens. Apparently it wasn't that bad, because after seeing Cowens work out, representatives from the Suns were impressed enough to get Auerbach's permission to negotiate with Cowens. By now Cowens himself was game enough to try. "I never did come to any great conclusions," he says. "I managed to go through the whole training thing without hurting myself, which was what I wanted to discover."

At first, Auerbach was adamant about not trading Cowens to an Eastern Con-

ference team, particularly a powerful one like Milwaukee. Phoenix, a Western Conference team long in need of a bruiser, was more to Auerbach's liking, and the Suns were ready to fork over a top draft choice. "I value first-round picks, but ours is invariably in the range of 16 to 22," says Colangelo. "We were prepared to give that up to get Dave and had reached a tentative agreement with him and his agent, but when Milwaukee went as far as they did, that was it."

The Bucks had offered Boston its choice of guards Junior Bridgeman or Winters or Forward Mickey Johnson, but Auerbach held fast until Buckner's name came up. In another of his patented coups, Auerbach obtained a first-rate point guard—and provided, at the very least, a superb backup for 34-year-old Tiny Archibald—in exchange for a player he didn't even have.

"We would practice among ourselves and kid each other," says Bridgeman. "One day it was me going, the next it was Brian. But no one ever thought Quinn would be traded."

"Two years ago when Quinn pulled a hamstring and missed about 20 games," says Marques Johnson, "we nearly fell apart. Until then I took him for granted, but it was obvious without him we were severely hurt."

To Nelson, the deal had to be made. "I don't know if my job is on the line but it should be," he says. "I'm willing to risk being fired—or, even worse, not getting fired and having to live here if the deal fails. If Dave should get injured and can't play, then it will be a bad deal, but we have to make our run now, not next year. I owe that to Bob [Lanier] and to everyone else on the team."

The sensitive situation may have resolved itself last Wednesday when Cowens met and scrimmaged with many of his new teammates for the first time. Cowens impressed them by moving well on offense and on defense while guarding Marques Johnson. The fire wasn't back in his eyes yet, but more than a couple of players got a jolt from his in-the-line body work. And when he scooped up an offensive rebound and sank a jump hook, at least one person in the gym breathed a sigh of relief.

"You've seen that one before, haven't you?" asked Cowens' wife, Deby. "That's classic Cowens."

The Bucks hope there's more where that came from.



Nelson, Cowens: drinking pairs reunited.

point guard," says Back Vice-President John Steinmiller, who on Oct. 1 signed the team's No. 1 draft choice, Paul Pressey, a 6' 5" guard. "Just like up to now we've needed a 'power forward.' Now we need a 'point guard.'"

"I wouldn't make a major deal just to get a friend to have a beer with," Nelson says, "but it was an important point that I know Dave intimately. I know that he won't fail unless there's a physical reason for it. He was the best player in the league at one time, but I don't expect him to

**What's more natural
with tailgatin' and football?**



It's tailgatin' time and Natural Light's got the taste for football fans and their favorite foods.

This season look for the Natural Light Spaulding football offer on display at your favorite store. Or write to Natural Light Football Offer, P.O. Box 27839, St. Louis Mo., 63141.



LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1984 J. P. Morgan & Co.

You've got what it takes.

**Salem
Spirit**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
Light, fresh Salem Lights.



WE HAVE SOME GRAND DESIGNS FOR YOUR FUTURE.

By building a collection of U.S. stamps, you can become the architect of experiences that will stay with you forever.

And since October is National Stamp Collecting Month, what better way to begin than to put a block of four stamps commemorating the architectural genius of Wright, Gropius, Saarinen and Mies van der Rohe under your roof.

This is the fourth in a series of stamps that have honored American architecture.

But they're just one small part of what you can hope to discover with stamps.

Every few weeks there are new U.S. Commemoratives that let you take an active part in our country's history. Explore our natural beauty. Or get close to our nation's heroes.

So come to the Post Office. And lay the foundation for a hobby that can last a lifetime.

U.S. Postal Service

© USPS 1982



Frank Lloyd Wright 1962 20c Fallingwater Mill Run PA

Architecture USA 20c



Mies van der Rohe 1955 20c Illinois State Capitol Chicago

Architecture USA 20c



Walter Gropius 1953 20c Gropius House Latrobe PA

Architecture USA 20c



Cass Gilbert 1951 20c United States Capitol Washington DC

Architecture USA 20c



Baseball's most exciting season ended in a dramatic final week during which all four divisional races were settled. In the American League East and National League West (page 24), the winners weren't determined until the final day of the 2,106-game schedule.

It wasn't until the next-to-last day that the Angels nailed down the American League West title. California started the week by taking the opener of a three-game series in Kansas City, behind the pitching of Tommy John and Luis Sanchez. The Angels could have clinched the title with one more win over Kansas City, but the Royals came back from 4-1 deficits the next two nights to prevail 5-4 and 6-5, with Dan Quisenberry coming out of the bullpen to save those two games. Jerry Martin's third homer in four days tied the middle game at 4-4 in the sixth inning, and George Brett won it with a single in the seventh. Kansas City applied added pressure by taking its next three games from Oakland: 11-4 as Willie Aikens tied a club record with seven RBIs; 12-7 as Hal

McRae drove in five runs; and 5-4. But the Angels didn't fold, beating the Rangers 4-0 behind Geoff Zahn and then rallying for a division-clinching 6-4 win on Saturday. Reggie Jackson set an Angel record in that game by clouting his 38th homer. For Jackson, it was the 10th time in the past 12 years, as a member of three different teams, that he was playing for a divisional champion. The title was particularly sweet for Gene Mauch, who finished on top for the first time in 23 seasons, the longest any manager had ever gone before quaffing victory champagne.

Earlier in the week, St. Louis had become the first team to clinch, locking up the National League East on Sept. 27 with a 4-2 victory in Montreal.

Although the races were chock-full of drama, there was a dearth of impressive individual statistics in the major leagues this season. The fans didn't seem to

mind; a record 44 million of them went out to the ball games. Nobody hit 40 homers. The American League was devoid of a 20-game winner for only the third time ever (discounting 1981) and the first since 1960. Steve Carlton of the Phillies was the sole pitcher to win 20 in the bigs, the first time there has been only one such winner in a season for the two leagues combined. Rickey Henderson of the A's had a record 130 stolen bases, more than the totals of 12 teams.

Despite Henderson's exploits, Oakland dropped to fifth in the American

League, but fans in the Big Apple it was all applause, a frenetic season in which the Yankees were also the first club to have five pitching coaches, three managers and three batting instructors in the same year. Toronto had its best season ever, tying Cleveland for sixth. The best of the Blue Jays were Dave Stieb (17-14), Jim Clancy (16-14) and Damaso Garcia (.310 and 54 steals).

One reason St. Louis won was its 11-7 record against runner-up Philadelphia. That, though, was merely part of the trouble the Phillies had with Eastern clubs,

against whom they were 46-44; against the West they were 43-29. Having 200 hits and 100 RBIs in a season isn't rare. But when Montreal's Al Oliver did it he became only the second player ever, after Nap Lajoie, to accomplish the feat in both leagues. Rookie Johnny Ray of Pittsburgh, who batted .283, was .300 swinging left-handed but just .223 from the right side. Chicago's Ferguson Jenkins, 38, won nine of his last 11 to wind up 14-15. The Cubs were the sole team in the division with two .300 hitters

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

BATTING

Average
Runs
RBIs

Wilson, K.C. .332
Molitor, Min. 136
McRae, K.C. 133

HITS

HOMERS

Yount, Min. 210
Thomas, Min. 39
Re, Jackson, Cal. 39

STEALS

Henderson, Oak 130

PITCHING

WINS

ERA

SHUTOUTS

SAVES

Hoyt, Chi. 19
Sutcliffe, Cleve. 2.96
Bianchi, Sea. 209
Quisenberry, K.C. 35

Oliver, Mont. .331
L. Smith, St. L. 120
Murphy, Atl. 109
Oliver, Mont. 109

Oliver, Mont. 204
Kingman, N.Y. 37

Raines, Mont. 78

Carlton, Phil. 23
Rogers, Mont. 2.40
Carlton, Phil. 286
Satter, St. L. 36

League West. There were ample reasons why the A's, who won the division in '81, collapsed: a 4.54 ERA, a league-leading 159 errors and .236 batting, the worst in the majors. The Twins gave up 167 more walks than they got, which helps explain why opponents outscored them 130-42. The Mariners would have been at sea had it not been for Bill Caudill's 26 saves, 12 wins and 2.35 ERA. Despite meager offensive support, Charlie Hough of Texas won 16 games. Another converted reliever, LaMarr Hoyt of Chicago, started off 9-0, but finished up 19-15.

In addition to 33 saves by his bullpen, Boston got 14 relief wins from Mark Clear, 12 from Bob Stanley and seven from Tom Burgmeier. Lance Parrish of Detroit set a league record for catchers by walloping 32 home runs. Cleveland's Andre Thornton had 32 homers and 116 ribbies. The Yanks became the first AL

team to win 7,000 games. But for fans in the Big Apple it was all applause, a frenetic season in which the Yankees were also the first club to have five pitching coaches, three managers and three batting instructors in the same year. Toronto had its best season ever, tying Cleveland for sixth. The best of the Blue Jays were Dave Stieb (17-14), Jim Clancy (16-14) and Damaso Garcia (.310 and 54 steals).

One reason St. Louis won was its 11-7 record against runner-up Philadelphia. That, though, was merely part of the trouble the Phillies had with Eastern clubs, against whom they were 46-44; against the West they were 43-29. Having 200 hits and 100 RBIs in a season isn't rare. But when Montreal's Al Oliver did it he became only the second player ever, after Nap Lajoie, to accomplish the feat in both leagues. Rookie Johnny Ray of Pittsburgh, who batted .283, was .300 swinging left-handed but just .223 from the right side. Chicago's Ferguson Jenkins, 38, won nine of his last 11 to wind up 14-15. The Cubs were the sole team in the division with two .300 hitters among those with enough at bats to qualify for the batting title: Leon Durham (.312) and Bill Buckner (.306 and 105 RBIs). The Mets played well enough during the day (25-27), but at night were a lights-out 40-70.

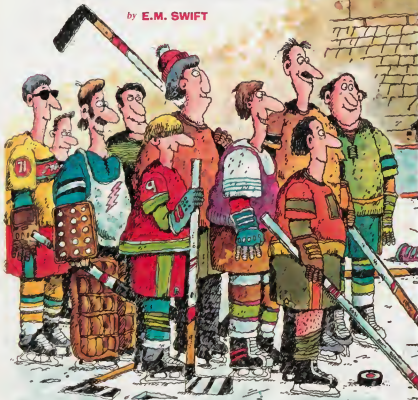
Errors—172 of them—were the principal reason the Giants didn't win the National League West. That was more than even Greg Minton (30 saves, 10 wins, 1.90 ERA) could make up for. Another reliever, rookie Luis DelLeon (15 saves, nine wins, 2.03 ERA) helped San Diego come in fourth. Nolan Ryan was 2-5 with a 6.92 ERA in early May. From then on, though, he improved his stats to 16-12 and 3.16. Cincinnati, which had the best composite record in the majors for last season's two halves, had the second-worst this year. The Reds hit only 82 homers, 75 or so below their annual output in the '70s.

—HARVEY WEISKOPF

WHO WOULD'VE THUNK?

One of the sorriest NHL teams ever, the 1972-73 Islanders, is now the model of how to turn expansion chumps into champs

by **E.M. SWIFT**



All kinds of pretenders were welcome at the opening practice—except a cutup with a Mohawk 'do and the husband of a lady the team would sorely miss.





During training camp everyone trekked the half mile from the motel to the ice rink.

Autumn doesn't seem like a very good time to talk about hope, yet that's what this story is ultimately about. Hope for the losers. Hope for the truly inept. Hope for the laughingstocks. Hope is the food that sustains all expansion franchises, and in 1972-73 that was all the New York Islanders had on the table. Today they are seen as the ideal for building a pro team from scratch. No other expansion team—not even the Dallas Cowboys—has won three league championships in its first 10 years. Today the Islanders can look back at that first season and call it a foundation. A decade ago they were calling it a crawl space. In 1972-73 the Islanders won 12 games, lost 60 and tied six to break the mark for the worst record in the history of the NHL.

A lot of hope was being peddled to the

hockey world in 1972. The World Hockey Association was preparing for its first season, and to diminish the WHA's impact on the New York market the NHL announced late in 1971 that it would add a team on Long Island for the 1972-73 season. (The league also placed a team in Atlanta that year.) The Islanders would play their games at Nassau Coliseum in Uniondale, a town of 20,000, 30 miles from Manhattan. Roy Boe, owner of the Nets basketball team, which then played at the Coliseum, was awarded the Long Island hockey franchise over several other bidders, but to all intents and purposes the Islanders were not an entity until February 1972, when Bill Torrey was hired to be the general manager. Torrey was the club's first employee. He had no office, no phone, no secretary and, of course, no players. The night he signed,

Torrey left on a 23-day scouting trip during which he saw 28 games. By the end of it he had signed three scouts: Ed Chadwick, Henry Saraceno and Earl Ingairfield.

"We spent our time and effort mostly on kids," says Torrey, who as general manager of the now defunct California Seals in 1968-70 had seen the dire result of trading draft choices for established journeymen players. "I told Boe, 'O.K., you're going to go through the expansion draft and get 19 problem children. Either the guys can't play, they're too old, or they have personal problems. Second, your product is going to be constantly compared to the [New York] Rangers,' who were then the second-best team in hockey. Also, we were in the East Division with Montreal, Boston, the Rangers and four other established teams. We

THE ISLANDERS continued



DRAWINGS BY JARED D. LEE

were guaranteed last place. But there was a ray of hope if we were patient because everyone in hockey knew that the amateur draft for the next few years was loaded. What other choice did we have?"

The expansion draft was held in June. Each of the 14 established NHL clubs protected the best 17 players on its roster, and Atlanta and the Islanders selected from among the leftovers. Bud Poile, general manager of the Vancouver Canucks in that team's first year, described the NHL expansion draft by saying, "I came in here hollering for a lifesaver, and they threw me an anchor."

That was in 1970. In 1972 things were even worse because the WHA was waiting to sign any NHL player it could get its hands on. "When the WHA became a reality," says Torrey, "I called [NHL President] Clarence Campbell to find out what hold I would have on the players I drafted, all of whom were under contract to their previous clubs. He said he had no doubt that the contracts would be upheld

in the courts. At the expansion draft the press asked him the same question, and Mr. Campbell replied, 'Let the buyer beware.' I ran up to him and said, 'What the hell do you mean, buyer beware?' " The courts, it turned out, didn't uphold most of the NHL contracts, and Torrey lost eight of his 19 selections to the WHA—two of them, embarrassingly, to the New York Raiders. Atlanta, on the other hand, signed 19 of its 21 picks. Torrey was depicted in the New York press as a skunk who hadn't done his homework, and it was widely written that the Raiders would likely field a better team than the Islanders.

The Islanders did come up with a few high-quality players, however. They snatched Eddie Westfall from the defending Stanley Cup champion Boston Bruins and Billy Smith, a little-known 21-year-old goaltender, from the Los Angeles Kings. On defense, the Islanders obtained Gerry Hart from Detroit, and later they acquired veteran Arnie Brown in a trade with the Red Wings. In the amateur draft the Islanders had first choice overall and took Billy Harris, who had gotten 129 points in junior hockey the previous season. In later rounds Torrey picked Lorne Henning, Bob Nystrom and Garry Howatt. Today all three of them

have their names on the Stanley Cup.

Westfall, who assumed the Bruins would protect him, was playing golf in St. Andrews, Scotland at the time of the expansion draft. "I remember saying to myself jokingly, 'I wonder which team I'll end up on,'" recalls Westfall. "A few days later, when I was clearing customs, I could see my children waiting beyond the glass with sad, forlorn faces. Little did I know it was because Daddy was now a New York Islander." It was a cruel stroke of fate for Westfall, who 11 years earlier had broken in with one of the worst pre-expansion teams in NHL history, the 1961-62 Bruins, who went 15-47-8. Rather than move his family out of its

continued



Torrey arrived before the telephone did

THE ISLANDERS continued



The nags didn't like strange dogs exercising at their track.

new house in New Hampshire, Westfall bought a plane and learned to fly so he could go home when the Islanders had a day off. He was the Islanders' first captain.

Training camp was held in Peterborough, Ontario. Phil Goyette, a former forward with four NHL teams, was the coach, although he had had no experience behind the bench. The trainer was Nick Garen. Upon hiring Garen, Torrey had noted that a skilled trainer—and Garen was famous for stitching players back together while chomping on a cigar—was worth “as many as five additional victories during the season.” Imagine what a season the Islanders would have had without him. Ninety-odd players were invited to camp. “We cut two the first night, before we had stepped on the ice,” says Torrey. “One had a Mohawk haircut and behaved pretty badly at the hotel bar. The other guy brought his wife and wouldn’t send her home. Not that I blamed him; we were all sorry to see her leave.”

At the next day’s practice they were all sorry—period. “You have never seen such an inept bunch in your life,” says Westfall. Goyette thought, “Holy cow, what did I get myself into?” Garen mut-

tered through his cigar to his assistant, “This is a hockey team?” That night Torrey told Gerald Eskenazi, who was covering the training camp for *The New York Times*, “The secret to this team is to get

rid of everyone just as fast as I can.”

What the Islanders lacked in skill they attempted to make up for in discipline. The players weren’t allowed to keep cars at camp, so everyone—Torrey included—had to walk the half mile from the Holiday Inn, where the team was staying, to the rink. Torrey even invited Eskenazi to walk the distance, which is practically a marathon for most newspapermen. Players like Westfall and Harris, who was the NHL’s first \$100,000 rookie, used to park their cars a block away from the Holiday Inn and sneak back and forth to them like school kids. Torrey would catch them and leave admonishing notes on their windshields.

“The Bruins were happy if you just showed up for practice,” says Westfall. “But when you’re going well, you get those fringe benefits. The Islanders had us skate an hour and a half twice a day, and they still expected us to walk to and from practice. That almost pushed some of the players over the edge—like Craig Cameron. He always showed up at camp about 25 pounds overweight, but the team officials never knew it because he’d hang his big toes over the edge of the scale at the weigh-in and push down on the floor to support some of his weight. He had it perfected. That’s very hard to do.”



For Gooie Desjardins the season was a nightmare, on the ice and off.



A mixed flight to Boston was the first of innumerable travel fiascos.

Off the ice, Garen had the Islanders do strength and flexibility exercises on the infield of a nearby harness track. One driver complained that the players were scaring the horses. "It's possible," says Torrey. "Dogs do spook horses sometimes." When camp broke and the team headed back to Long Island to start the season, Torrey decided against having names sewn on the backs of the jerseys. Needless expense. He knew there would be so much shuffling of players that season that if the jerseys were personalized, the Islanders would need a full-time seamstress just to keep up.

On Oct. 7, 1972 at the Nassau Coliseum, the Islanders lost their first game by a score of 3-2 to their expansion siblings, the Atlanta Flames. ISLANDERS ROW; ARTISTIC IT ISN'T run the headline in Long Island's *Newsday*, which went on to report that "the game was much less exciting than the score indicates." The first cheer of the evening was for Flames Coach Booms Boom Geoffrion, a former Ranger. The first cheer for the Islanders didn't come until the 11-minute mark, when an Atlanta player took a run at Dave Hudson and missed.

Surprisingly, in their next game, also at home, the Islanders beat Los Angeles 3-2 on a last-minute goal by Germain Gagnon. The fans, deliriously happy over the .500 record, began chanting, "Bring on the Bruins!" The euphoria was only slightly diminished by the fact that Harris had muffed the Islanders' first penalty

shot. He skated in alone, unharried, only to have the puck hit a bad spot in the ice and jump over his stick. "I was a little teed off but I wasn't really embarrassed," said Harris afterward. The season was young. There would be plenty of time for embarrassment.

Strange things began to happen. Before the sixth game of the year, against powerful Montreal, the Islanders' Zamboni refused to start, as if it were saying,

"I'm not going out there." The ice was resurfaced by two men pushing hand scrapers and a third pulling a 50-gallon water drum on wheels. Colorful, nostalgic stuff—except that when Canadian Coach Scotty Bowman inspected the ice, he refused to let his team play on it. The referee agreed with Bowman, and the game was delayed half an hour while a Zamboni was trucked over from another arena. Undelected Montreal needed three third-period goals to win 4-3. Afterward, an enthusiastic Torrey said, "People keep saying that we're a bunch of humpies, but our guys refuse to believe it."

Before a game against the Flyers in the Coliseum, the Islanders skated onto the ice to find that the goals were missing. Earlier in the day, maintenance workers had taken the goals out back of the arena to repaint and restring them, and there they sat—red and shiny and wet, without a stitch of netting. "Someone came into my office about 10 minutes before the game and said, 'We've got a little problem with the nets,'" says Torrey. "I thought they were talking about the basketball team, the Nets. We finally had to send for some nets from a rink on the South Shore." Again, the game was delayed, but this time the Islanders tried to save face. "We faked it," says Hawley Chester, the team's first public relations director. "We told everyone that we were pushing the start of the game back 20 minutes because of a traffic jam outside."

continued



An Islander first: spoken protectors.

SEARS NATIONAL

SAVE NOW ON MANY



SAVE 34%-50%

CRAFTSMAN®

(A) Pipe Clamps (#46742) Save \$90.99/Now \$59.99*

(B) 4-piece Pliers Set (#41267) Save \$16.97/Now \$21.99**

(C) 2-piece adjustable Wrench Set (#44678) Save \$6.99/Now \$53.99** These items on sale through Oct. 16 or while quantities last

(D) Hand Saw (#36193-4) Save \$7.98/Now \$53.49*

(E) 16-in. Curved Claw Hammer (#19375) Save \$6.00/Now \$6.99*

(F) 10-in. Straight Jaw Locking Pliers (#41341) Save \$3.00/Now \$4.99*

(G) 9 1/2-in. Arc Joint® Pliers (#41381) Save \$4.00/Now \$5.99*

(H) 1 1/2-in. x 20-in. Measuring Tape (#19371) Save \$4.50/Now \$6.49*



YOUR CHOICE NOW \$329.88.

Craftsman® 16-in. Radial Arm Saw Outfit (#19922) with 1 1/2-HP motor that develops 2-HP. Cutting depth 3 in. at 90° and 2 1/4 in. at 45°. Cutsicks up to 15 1/2 in. wide in 6-in. stock. **Save \$250.*** On sale through Oct. 16 or while quantities last.

Craftsman 10-in. Cast Iron Table Saw Outfit (#29803) with 1-HP motor that develops 2-HP. Cuts wood up to 3 1/4 in. thick at 90° and 2 1/4 in. at 45°. Includes steel legs and two 70 x 27-in. extensions. Plus exclusive Exact-I-Cut indicator. **Save \$160.***



CRAFTSMAN®

YOUR CHOICE \$49.99

(A) 7 1/4-in. Circular Saw (#17095) with 2-HP motor. Cuts up to 2 1/4-in. at 90° and 2 in. at 45°. Includes Combination Blade. **Save \$25.***

(B) 3-in. Belt Sander with Case (#17705) with 1/4-hp. in. sanding surface and 1/4-HP motor. Uses 3 x 25-in. sanding belts. **Save \$36.*** On sale through Oct. 16 or while quantities last.

(C) 1-HP Router (#17746) with built-in work light. Convenient shaft lock and ring type depth gauge. **Save \$35.***

(D) Sears Best 3/4-HP Sabre Saw (#1729) with trigger-controlled variable speeds and fast cutting 1 in. blade stroke. **Save \$25.***



CRAFTSMAN®

Screwdrivers made of chrome-vanadium steel and nickel-chrome plated for rust resistance. Impact-resistant plastic handles. Available while quantities last. **SPECIAL PURCHASE (#44053)**

- 3/4 x 6-in. slotted • 3/4 x 4-in. slotted • 3/4 x 4-in. slotted
- #2 x 4-in. Phillips
- #1 x 3-in. Phillips
- #0 x 2 1/2-in. Phillips
- 3/16 x 4-in. slotted
- stubby slotted

YOUR CHOICE 99¢ EACH



Craftsman 16-Gal. Wet/Dry Vac and Accessories (#17823) features Sears most powerful utility Vac motor. Non-rusting tank. Hose, utility nozzle, 6-piece accessory kit, plus car nozzle. **Save \$75.*** **NOW \$99.87.** On sale through Oct. 21 or while quantities last.



32-Gal. Plastic Trash Container (#6382) Resists freeze cracking and heat warping. Handles tested to 200 lbs. capacity. **Save 25%* NOW \$8.99.**



HARDWARE SALE

HARDWORKING VALUES.

STARTS Oct. 3

3/8-in. Drill (#1051) is reversible with variable no-load speeds of 0 to 1,200 rpm. Develops a maximum of 1/2-HP. Locking trigger switch.

NOW \$29.99.

**HALF*
PRICE**



**SAVE 62%
NOW
\$29.99.**

CRAFTSMAN®

40-piece Tool Set (#33119) Sockets, ratchet and accessories made of tough alloy steel. Plus 1/4 and 3/8-in. drive sizes to handle almost any job—tune-ups, assembly, home re-

pairs. And more!

Savings based on regular separate prices from 1982-83 Catalog of Power and Hand Tools.

On sale through Oct. 16 or while quantities last.



Craftsman 18-in. Chain Saw with Case (#5727) 3.7 cu in. engine. Iso-Vib handle system reduces vibration and fatigue. **Save \$80! NOW \$269.99**

On sale through Oct. 23.



Craftsman 16-in. Chain Saw with Case (#5734) 2.0 cu in. engine. Features Power-Sharp® built-in chain sharpening system.

Solid state ignition. Save \$65! NOW \$369.99. On sale through Oct. 23 or while quantities last.



Craftsman Workbench (#10271) with rugged steel frame. 3 drawers, shelf and locking door. **Save \$97!**

On sale through Oct. 16 or while quantities last.

NOW \$99.99.

ITEMS ON THESE TWO PAGES ON SALE OCT. 3-16 UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED.

* Minimum savings nationally.

† Savings based on regular separate retail prices.

Prices and dates apply only to continental United States.

Most items shown are at reduced prices available at most Sears retail stores.

SPECIAL PURCHASE

A special purchase, though not reduced, is an exceptional value.

You can count on

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1982

SEARS NATIONAL

SAVE NOW ON MANY



(A) Sears Best Twill Work Shirt. Perma-Prest® polyester/cotton. Save \$3*
NOW \$9.99

(B) Denim Work Jeans. Perma-Prest® jeans of heavy duty polyester and cotton for comfort, long wear, and easy care. Save \$4* NOW \$10.99.

(C) Perma-Prest® Chambray Shirt. Long sleeve 50% polyester 50% cotton. Save \$2*
NOW \$6.99.

(D) Denim Bib Overall. Perma-Prest® denim in a blend of polyester and cotton. Long wear that's comfortable too! Save \$5* NOW \$14.99.



Roebuck Jeans. 14 oz. all cotton denim. Five pockets with rivets. All seams double stitched.

Save \$5*
NOW \$11.99.

**SAVE
30%***

Perma-Prest® Flannel Shirt. 75% cotton, 25% polyester.

Reg. Sizes Tall Sizes
NOW \$5.59. NOW \$6.99

Sears Best Perma-Prest® Twill Work Pants. 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton. Soil release finish.
NOW \$10.49.

Wearmaster® Work Shoes and Boots. Full 9-month warranty on sole and heel! Non-marking sole resists gas-oil-grease. Genuine leather upper for comfort. Lightweight construction.

On sale through Oct. 23

* If the sole or heel wears out within 9 mos.,

refuse for free replacement.

(A) Black Oxford—NOW \$29.99.

(B) Black Shoe—NOW \$34.99.

(C) Black Boot—NOW \$39.99.



**SAVE
\$10 each***

HARDWARE SALE

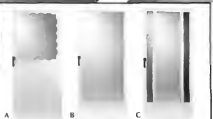
HARDWORKING VALUES.

STARTS OCT. 3



**NOW
\$169.98**

1/3 HP Garage Door Opener with TWO Solid State Transmitters. (#6649/6634) Over 3,000 code settings. Two button wall mount receiver. Plus a 4 1/2-minute light. Easy to install. On sale through Oct. 23 or while quantities last. **Save \$60*** Savings based on regular separate retail prices.



Sears Premium Storm/Screen Doors.

These doors offer attractive styling and features that provide durability, security and insulation. Foam-filled plastic core, massive keylock latch and deadbolt. Two sizes 32 x 80 in. and 36 x 80 in. Choose from three styles. Price can be applied toward computing energy tax credit.

**SAVE
\$40 EACH***

(A) Crossback/Enamel finish (#2327)
(B) Full-view/Enamel Finish (#2328)
(C) Sidelite/Enamel Finish (#2331)
NOW \$159.99 EACH



Easy Living® Satin Flat Interior Paint. (#91005) Durable, washable, one-coat coverage when applied as directed. **Save \$6.**

**NOW
\$9.99/Gal.**



1 HP Craftsman® Compressor (#17621 or #17631) 12-gal. tank, air chuck and air hose for inflating, painting, cleaning and repairing. **Save \$170* NOW \$349.99.** On sale through Oct. 23.



Craftsman® Electric Blower
(#79693)

1 HP, air-cooled, permanent magnet motor which develops maximum 125 mph velocity at nozzle. High impact plastic housing.

Save \$30* NOW \$49.99.



Sears Best Washerless Single Control Faucets (#20761, #21943) 30-year limited warranty on parts.*

On sale through Oct. 23. * If faucet leaks or drips within 90 days, return for free replacement parts.

**Save \$20 each*
Both \$29.99 each.**



Power Max® Water Heater Insulation jackets. (fits up to 12-gal. 40 lb. insulation) Price can be applied toward computing energy tax credit. **Save \$5*** On sale through Oct. 23.

FOR ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS #1721 \$12.99

FOR GAS WATER HEATERS #1721 \$9.99



Energy Saving Thermostat (#9100) with Triple Set back. Available while quantities last. Price can be applied toward computing energy tax credit.

**SPECIAL PURCHASE
NOW \$39.99**



Xenmore 1/2 HP Dispenser (#6754) Stainless steel grand chamber. Quick mount collar. Available while quantities last.

**SPECIAL PURCHASE
NOW \$69.88**

ITEMS ON THESE TWO PAGES ON SALE OCT. 3-16 UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED.

Minimum savings nationally. Prices and dates apply only to continental United States.

Most items shown are at reduced prices. Available at most Sears Retail Stores.

SPECIAL PURCHASE
A special discount through not reduced, with exceptional value.

You can count on

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck & Co. 1993

THE ISLANDERS continued

If the 1972-73 Islanders needed any further convincing that they were, in fact, a bunch of humpies, the treatment they received when they traveled provided it. The fiascos began with their first road trip, when they missed their flight to Boston. "We were giving the players vitamin shots, as I recall," says Islander

Chester had to flag down a policeman to ask directions, and the cop, realizing that the team otherwise would miss its flight, escorted the Islanders to JFK by a back way. "We were either at the airport three hours ahead of time, or we were lost," says Henning, now an Islander assistant coach. "We never once had a bus meet us

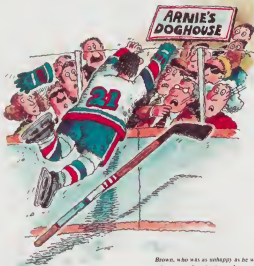
was no pressure. How can you put pressure on a team that's completely awful? That's one problem with playing on a winner—you can't go out and just hammer somebody because it might cost you the game. I used to have goals scored on me while I was looking the other way, trying to hit someone with my stick. So what? We were the biggest joke going, and even the players knew it. You'd go into a game knowing it was going to be a bombing. The idea was lose, but lose honorably."

Even that was difficult. One of the low points of the season came in late November, when the Buffalo Sabres, an expansion team itself two years earlier, routed the Islanders 9-2 in a game during which New York was outshot 50-16. After the eighth goal, Desjardins took the puck from the net and batted it into the stands in frustration. He was given a delay of game penalty, and the Sabres scored on the ensuing power play.

Despite the mounting losses, attendance at the Coliseum remained constant. "It was the same 11,000 fans every night," says Chester. "Everyone was practically on a first-name basis." The loudest cheers each night came when the public-address announcer said, "One minute to play in the period," and fans took campy pride in chanting, "We're number eight!" referring to the Islanders' standing in the eight-team East Division. For a long time the fans' favorite Islander was Brian (Spinner) Spencer, who had a bonus deal for "hits" on opposing players. Spencer cruised the ice looking for opponents to bounce off, but once he had a victim in his sight, he often missed the target and crashed into the boards. "I was the one counting the hits," says Chester, "and I used to give him credit for misses, too. That was all right with Torrey. At least everyone would wake up when Spence hit the boards." To show their approval of his efforts, fans hung a banner in the arena that said, *WELCOME*. But after the Islanders went 3-12-3 in their first 18 home games, another banner was hung beside that one. It had a huge fist with the thumb pointed down.

"The fans were very savvy," says Westfall, probably the most popular of the early Islanders. "All they asked was that you hustled. That's why they started to get on Brownie so badly."

Without question, Arnie Brown was



Brown, who was as unhappy as he was unpopular, went after the home fans.

Trainer Jim Pickard, who was Garen's assistant then. "We lost track of time and missed the plane. It was the last flight out, so we spent half the night looking for hotel rooms near La Guardia Airport."

The Islanders flew to Boston in the morning, but they might just as well have stayed home. The Bruins thrashed them that night 7-4. One of the Islander forwards, Tom Miller, ruptured his spleen when he was speared by Phil Esposito. "I remember going into the dressing room before the next game," says Pickard, "and some of the guys had taped garbage-can lids to their sides. 'What the heck is this?' I asked. 'Spleen protectors,' they told me."

The first time the Islanders flew out of Kennedy Airport, the bus driver got lost.

on time that season." Adds Smith, "It gave you an idea that things weren't going too well when our bus driver tried to find the 59th Street bridge and came to a dead end."

Smith earned his nickname, Battlin' Billy, that year by having more success fighting opposing forwards than he had stopping their shots. He shared the goaltending with veteran Gerry Desjardins, who complained later in the season of losing sleep because he dreamed about pucks every night. Says Smith, who that year broke the NHL record for penalty minutes for a goalie, with 42, "We used to face 50, 60 shots some games, but I had no complaints. I was fighting and enjoying it. The fans liked it; they knew they were getting their money's worth. There

the least popular player with the fans. He had played seven years with the Rangers and hated the New York area. All he wanted was out, and Brown made regular trips to Torrey's office to express his wish to be traded. Chester remembers once literally wrestling with Brown in the Islander offices to keep him from barging in on Torrey. "We used to have team meetings," says Henning, "and the players would, one at a time, say what they thought should be done to turn things around. When it got to Brownie, he'd say, 'I don't know about you guys, but I'm going to do everything I can to get out of New York.' And he was supposed to be one of the team leaders!"

"There were no real leaders on that team," says Smith, "so nobody really knew how to act. Most of us were just happy to be in the NHL. Then Arnie comes in the first day and says he doesn't want to be any part of it. That really blew some minds. One time he was skating behind my net with the puck, and he lost it. Brownie kept going, right around and off toward the bench. I thought he still had the puck so I followed him around, and one of the guys on the other team picked the puck up and tucked it in the other side of the goal. I looked like a complete fool. What did you expect the fans to do, cheer him?"

One group of fans identified itself on a banner as ARNIE'S DOGHOUSE, and when he fouled up, the group taunted him mercilessly. "He had rabbit ears and they knew it," says Henning. "Twice he literally started climbing the glass after our own fans. We had to pull him down." Eventually Brown got his wish: Torrey traded him to Atlanta.

The most dismal stretch of the season came between Nov. 22 and Jan. 16 when the Islanders went 1-24-3. Happy holidays. In the midst of that period, Goyette held one practice in which he skated the team an hour straight without pucks. "He had us skate 30 minutes in a circle one way, and then he turned us around and we went 30 minutes the other way," says Henning. "Then he said, 'That's what you have to do in a game, skate 60 minutes.' The funny thing was that I'd been out for a few weeks with mononucleosis, and Goyette came up to me afterward and said, 'You looked good in practice today, Lorne.'"

"The ice was atrocious before we

started," says Westfall, "and we just went around and around, around and around. All you could do after a while was laugh about it. Phil's face was as red as the red line, and he just kept blowing the whistle harder and harder, and we kept laughing. Behind the net there were great ruts in the ice. Then we skated right through to



the cement. I guess he reasoned there was no sense in practicing with pucks. All we'd be practicing was our mistakes."

Practices were pretty much a laughing matter all year long. The team would change into its equipment at the Coliseum and then travel by bus to one of the smaller, recreational rinks on Long Island, sometimes as much as an hour away. It was just like being back in high school. "One time we showed up at Skateland in New Hyde Park, and the Rangers were already there," says Harris, who now plays for Toronto. "So we just watched the Rangers practice until we could get on the ice."

The Islanders, criticized for not playing aggressively enough during games, sometimes showed their oats and frustrations on the practice rink. Some of the

finest body checks thrown all year were by Smith, who would leave his goal and flatten a teammate out by the blue line if the fellow had shot high on him. Don Blackburn, who went on to coach the Hartford Whalers, remembers a vicious fight between Spencer and Bryan Leffley after one practice. "They had stayed out to shoot pucks against one of those wooden boards you hang up in front of an empty goal," says Blackburn. "Only this wasn't just a board; it was a wooden Team Canada goalie that Spencer had had made up. Had a little stick on it and everything. Anyway, Leffley broke Spen-

cer's goalie, and Spencer really went after him. We had to go back out and break them apart."

Such heated moments, however, were rare. Indeed, today most of the original Islanders remember having a lot of laughs that first miserable season. "When you lose, lose, lose, you have to maintain a pretty good sense of humor to keep your sanity," says Blackburn. "It wasn't like we were 12-60 because we had a bad year. We were so underskilled that we probably couldn't have played any better. In a season like that there could have been a lot of friction and turmoil, but management just rolled with the punches, didn't put any pressure on us, and that made it livable for the players. You have to give Torrey credit for that."

The high point of the year came when
continued

THE ISLANDERS continued

it was least expected. The Islanders had lost 12 games in a row when on the night of Jan. 18 they arrived at Boston Garden, home of Orr, Esposito and the rest of the Big Bad Bruins. Westfall, as always, received a warm standing ovation when he was introduced, and then the fans settled back for the slaughter. Final score: Islanders 9, Bruins 7. "Guys were looking at each other and laughing on the bench," says Henning. "No one could believe it, least of all the players. Boston changed goalies twice, which I'd never seen before. They took Eddie Johnston out, then they took his replacement out and put Johnston back in again."

The Islanders took a 5-0 lead in the first period and then held on for dear life. "I was more worried when we were up 5-0 than if we'd been behind 5-0," says Westfall. "I was shaking in my boots. You kept wondering when the other shoe was going to fall." The Bruins closed to 7-6 and 8-7. "I never saw so many goals scored from outside the blue line in my whole life," says Smith, who played goal the entire game for the Islanders. "Finally, when it was 8-7, Wayne Cushman took a shot from the blue line that hit me in the head. Harris picked the puck up and went down and scored, or we sure as hell would have blown it."

All around the league, TV and radio announcers working local games guffawed loudly over the misprint that had just come in off the wires: Islanders 9, Bruins 7. In the locker room, a buoyant Pickard began telling the Islanders about the time the California Seals had beaten the Bruins 2-0 and Seals owner Charlie Finley, who was at the game, came in and gave each player \$400 to buy a new suit. "That was when Mr. Torrey came in and politely asked me to be quiet," says Pickard.

The Bruin victory may have been a high point, but it certainly wasn't a turning point. The Islanders quickly returned to their former ways, and 11 days after the Boston game Torrey fired Goyette. His record was 6-40-4. "I don't hold any grudges," says Goyette. "I had a taste of it. After that I said, thank you, goodbye, *arrivederci*." Goyette, now a customs broker in Montreal, has not coached since.

"He wasn't enjoying the coaching," says Torrey. "It was affecting him mentally and physically, affecting his wife, so

I just took him out of his misery." Goyette was referred to as a "silent sufferer," and his most irritating habit, as far as the players were concerned, was to explain loss after loss by saying, "I can't skate for them." In wishing luck to his successors, scouts Ingarfield and Aut Erickson, Goyette added, "They're going to need it." As the season sputtered toward its close, aspirations were adjusted downward. "Everybody used to get pretty excited when we lost by a goal," says Henning. "The owner would come in after a home loss that was close and would shake everybody's hand."

Not that Boe was on pins and needles every time the Islanders took the ice. "He

about some town in Long Island I hadn't heard about. It's forever fixed in my memory."

Nystrom and Howatt were brought up for the last few games of the season, and their spark led the Islanders to three straight wins in March. "Before that," says Harris, "a winning streak for us was a win, a tie and a close one." Nystrom was big, tough and so unpolished that Torrey hired a Long Island figure-skating instructor named Laura Stamm to work with him. But he was one of the rays of hope.

In the penultimate game of the season, the Islanders lost 10-2 to the Flyers. "Philly was just coming on then," says Westfall, "and they didn't take any pity on us at all. Not that they should have. But when they had eight, they wanted 10." The season closed on a high note, a 4-4 tie with the Flames. The Islanders had given up 347 goals during the year, 27 more than the previous NHL record.

Then there was the postseason party. No Islander Stanley Cup fete can compare with the bash that first team threw. "When you're out of the race in November, you have one thing to look forward to," says Stewart. "It was a helluva windup to a terrible year."

It started in the dressing room following the Atlanta game and then continued on the plane ride home. When the bus unloaded the team at the Coliseum that night, eight



The Islanders' practice ice was as rotten as they were.

didn't know any of our names," says Smith, "and God forbid if you weren't in front of the locker that had your name on it when he came in after a game. Once he asked Ralph Stewart how the kids were, and Stewie wasn't even married."

Torrey was just riding out the year, waiting to draft young Denis Potvin, who was "the type of player who comes along once every eight, 10, 14 years," says Torrey. "The last two months of the season I don't think I ever went into a city where I didn't see the headline **HAPLESS ISLANDERS**. We weren't the New York Islanders anymore. I thought they were talking

stewardesses emerged with the players. "You have never seen such astonished faces as there were on the wives and girl friends who had come to meet the bus," says Westfall, who, as captain, was put in charge of the several thousand dollars in fine money that had been collected during the season and that would pay for the party. The entire assemblage returned to Westfall's house, which he shared with two teammates. The party lasted a week, nonstop, until every dime had been spent. Chester estimates that the team and assorted wives, girl friends and hangers-on went through 700 cases of beer.



Stews and getting stews were a big part of the postseason binge.

"There was a feeling that we'd made it through the worst," says Chester. "We were glad it was over, and everybody was excited about the next season. We knew we were going to get at least two good defensemen in the draft, and that we were never going to have to go through another year like the last one again. It was a strange ending because you knew there'd be a lot of new faces next season, and that a lot of the old faces—the ones right there at the party—would be gone. That was the fastest summer I ever remember."

There are two types of hope. The first could be defined this way: If you are hollering for a lifesaver and someone throws you an anchor, you grab on and hope it floats. With the other, you let the anchor pass and hope you can tread water until something better comes along. On the morning of the 1973 draft of amateur players, Sam Pollock, general manager of the Canadiens and one of the great anchor-throwers of all time, walked Torrey around Montreal's Mt. Royal Hotel four times. Each time he made a higher offer for the Islanders' first choice. The Islanders' scouts gaggled in their coffee each time Torrey passed by the hotel entrance. Finally, Torrey

came inside. No deal. He had let the anchor pass. That may have been the most important moment in the Islanders' history.

The Islanders have spotted talent better than any other team over the last 10 years. In the 1973 draft they chose Potvin first and Defenseman Dave Lewis second. "My whole approach that year was to get our goals against down," says Torrey, who also picked up veteran Defenseman Bert Marshall from the Rangers. Two days before the draft Al Arbour was named coach. Today, with a nine-year record of 381-202-135 behind the Islander bench, he's regarded as the best at his job in the NHL.

During his playing days (1953-71) with four NHL teams, Arbour had been a dependable defenseman, one who seldom strayed far into the offensive zone.



When Arbour took over, perspiration preceded inspiration.

As a player he was disciplined, a trait that he kept when he became coach of the St. Louis Blues in 1970. The Blues fired Arbour in November 1972, and when Torrey approached him six months later, Arbour was living in St. Louis and scouting for the Flames. His initial reaction to Torrey's offer was negative. "The first thing Al didn't like was our team," recalls Torrey. "He said, 'Hey Bill, I got gassed in St. Louis when they had a pretty good team, and I'm not making a move and taking this on.'" Also, Arbour's wife, Claire, had heard a lot of unsettling tales about life in New York, and he didn't think she'd ever agree to live there. "I knew that Vancouver and Oakland were after Al, too," says Torrey, "so I told him to think about it and give me another call after his holiday."

The Arbours left that week for a vacation in Florida, and, by a stroke of fate, one day on the beach they struck up a conversation with a congenial couple from Long Island. The couple told the Arbours that Long Island was completely different from New York City, that the Island was a great place to live. When Arbour returned to St. Louis, he called Torrey and asked him if the job was still open. It was. Would it be all right if Claire came along for a visit? It was. Five days later, Claire gave the O.K. and Torrey had his coach.

"That was a very, very important move," says Torrey. "That first training camp with Al was like boot camp. I can remember Ralph Stewart literally crawling off the ice one day, and guys like Westfall were bitching something awful. That was the sign we were getting somewhere."

"The first day of camp Al told us we were going for a light skate," says Nystrom. "Two and a half hours later we left the ice. That's when we knew the fun and games were over."

The Islanders finished eighth in the East Division again in their second season, winning only 19 games, but they lowered their goals against by 100. "Teams beat us that second year, but they had to work to do it," says Torrey. The Islanders had fourth choice in the 1974 amateur draft, and this time they were looking for forwards to help out Harris. In the first round

continued

THE ISLANDERS continued

Torrey took Clark Gillies, a giant left wing, and in the second round he picked a center named Bryan Trotter.

"I don't think a lot of teams knew about him," says Torrey. "He was only 17, and he played in Swift Current [Saskatchewan], which is off the beaten track. When I went up to see Bryan, the windchill factor was something like minus 83 degrees. I've never been colder in my life, or in a colder rink. Tots didn't do much the first two periods, but in the third period he scored two goals. I decided to stay over another day."

Torrey was patient. That might be his finest quality as a general manager. He left Trotter in junior hockey the next year, although there was little question Trotter could have made the Islanders at 18. "Everyone fought me on it," says Torrey. "His father, the prevs, Bryan. The only person I had on my side was his mother. He was certainly as good as the players we had, but I didn't want to bring him into the atmosphere. We were still getting knocked around a lot, and I wasn't going to bring a kid that age into New York and put him under the gun."

The Islanders had their first taste of success in 1974-75. After completing the regular season with a 33-25-22 record, they upset the Rangers in the first round of the playoffs and then came from three games behind to upset the Pittsburgh Penguins. It was only the second time in NHL history that a team had overcome a three-game playoff deficit. In fact, in postseason play that year, the Islanders faced elimination eight times before finally losing in the semifinals in seven games to Philadelphia, which went on to win the Stanley Cup.

In 1975-76 and 1976-77 the Islanders continued to progress, with Trotter, Gillies and Potvin emerging as All-Stars. Montreal, however, was in a class by itself, and both years the Islanders lost to the Canadiens in the veins of the playoffs. Then, in '77, the Islanders drafted Mike Bossy. Fourteen teams had passed over him in the draft, and, remarkably,

Bossy was the sixth right wing selected despite having set goal-scoring records in junior hockey.

Says Torrey, "Mike was not a complete player as a junior. He wasn't physical. All he did was score goals. That's what we were looking for; we weren't looking for defense or toughness. If we'd had first choice, we'd have taken Bossy."

Torrey had his team now. First, goal-scoring, then defense, then goal-scoring. He had built from the bottom up, as if he were putting up a house. All that was missing was character—a little weathering—and that was acquired the next two years in the playoffs, when the Islanders were upset, first by Toronto and then by the Rangers.

When the Islanders got off to a dismal

start in 1979-80, critics assailed Torrey for not making a major move that would shake up his complacent squad. He waited until March. The Islanders needed another scoring threat at center to take the pressure off the Trotter-Bossy combination. So Torrey gave up Harris, his first-ever draft choice, and Lewis, his steady stay-at-home defenseman, to get the player he had his eye on, Butch Goring of Los Angeles. That was the winter the U.S. Olympic hockey team won the gold medal at Lake Placid. It so happened that the Islanders owned the rights to Ken Morrow, the U.S. squad's best defenseman and a fourth-round draft choice in 1976. Morrow, too, was a defensive defenseman. Immediately follow-

ing the Olympics, Torrey signed Morrow and brought him up to play with the Islanders. When Morrow proved he could handle the NHL, Lewis became expendable, and Torrey swung the deal for Goring. The Islanders stormed through the last 12 games of the regular season and then won their first Stanley Cup, defeating the Flyers in six games in the finals. The winning goal, in overtime, was scored by the big, tough, unpolished rookie of that first season, Nystrom. Somehow, it seemed to bring things full circle.

If the story has a sad part—and perhaps it doesn't—it concerns the fate of Harris, on whose shoulders the team's hopes were initially pinned. That first year he had 28 goals, and management thought he would become a great scorer once he had some players around him. He did get 32 goals in 1975-76, but other than that season, he never equaled his rookie total.

"Some players never get on a Stanley Cup winner," says Westfall, who played on two with the Bruins but retired from the Islanders the year before they won their first Cup. "And some never play on a team as inept as we were. If you have one ounce of pride, you can't accept playing on a team like that. I'd been around, so I was able to adapt. But what about a guy like Bill Harris, who has dreamed his whole life about playing in the NHL, and then comes to a team like the Islanders after having been the top amateur player in Canada? A kid in his position should be getting a lot of help from the veterans, but here he was, the guy everybody leaned on. It must have been terribly disillusioning. Though Harris is one guy who has never complained in his life. Those early years could well have retarded his development as a player and be the reason that, in a lot of people's minds, he has never lived up to his potential."

Harris is now with Toronto, the once proud Maple Leafs. Another autumn has arrived and hope, once again, is the only food on his table.



Arctic conditions didn't stop Torrey from finding a future star.

start in 1979-80, critics assailed Torrey for not making a major move that would shake up his complacent squad. He waited until March. The Islanders needed another scoring threat at center to take the pressure off the Trotter-Bossy combination. So Torrey gave up Harris, his first-ever draft choice, and Lewis, his steady stay-at-home defenseman, to get the player he had his eye on, Butch Goring of Los Angeles. That was the winter the U.S. Olympic hockey team won the gold medal at Lake Placid. It so happened that the Islanders owned the rights to Ken Morrow, the U.S. squad's best defenseman and a fourth-round draft choice in 1976. Morrow, too, was a defensive defenseman. Immediately follow-

'Enriched Flavor'TM Smoking.



Overwhelming
majority of
MERIT smokers
report taste
bonus at low tar.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81

© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

First Person

by BILL HARRICH

FOR THE AUTHOR, SOME WEAKFISHING STRENGTHENED DORMANT FAMILY TIES

Because I was spending the summer on Long Island, where the weakfish run, I bought a saltwater fishing rig at O'Neill's Tackle Shop, as I shall call it, in the Hamptons. O'Neill himself waited on me. He called my rod a "stick." The reel, he said, was guaranteed. "It's got gears," he told me, cracking it open like a walnut.

"You want crap, I'll sell you Japanese."

"No crap, O'Neill," I said.

O'Neill closed one eye, held out the stick and examined it for bruises. "This is about as good a stick as you're going to get," he said, "for what you want to pay."

"What if I paid more?"

"Then you're talking custom sticks," O'Neill spat into an ashtray. "You're talking graphite. You're starting to approach elegance."

"Forget it," I said.

O'Neill wound the reel with 15-pound test line. He sold me some two-ounce weights, some lead-headed jigs and some purple plastic worms. "You'll need squid," he said, reaching into a small refrigerator and extracting packages. "Skimmer clams. Mussels." He paused for a moment, surveying the dead and semidead items on display.

"Maybe you ought to have some real worms. You want real worms?"

"Whatever you say, O'Neill."

"Yeah, you better have real worms," he said, tipping back his baseball cap. He sold me a map that showed all the creeks, ponds, lakes, bays and ocean beaches in the vicinity. He sold me a spikelike rod holder to drive into the sand so I'd always have a hand free for drinking beer. He sold me a fishing license and a bumper sticker that read: SURFCASTERS DO IT IN THE DARK. Then he looked around the shop in a kind of panic. "How about a clam rake?"

"No dice."

"Net for landing the big ones?"

"Gimme a break, O'Neill."

O'Neill sighed and toted up the bill. He told me I should get myself all rigged up and go over to Long Beach on Gardiners Bay. The boys

over there were murdering the weakfish every night. "And you got everything you need to score," he said. "I'll bet."

O'Neill lit up a Lucky. "I'll tell you something, brother," he said. "I wish I could go with you."

My trip to Long Island was in the nature of a homecoming. I live in California now, but I grew up near the Island's central section, not far from the Atlantic. Nobody in my family ever did much saltwater fishing, though. Both my parents had been born in the Midwest, far from any ocean, and they remained dedicated to the vicissitudes of fresh water. Every summer they carted us off to Minnesota, where the relatives lived, and rented a cottage by a lake. Probably I caught my first fish there, although I don't remember anymore what kind it was. It could have been a bass, or even a perch.

The other details of our Minnesota vacations remain fixed in my mind, because they varied so little from year to year, from lake to lake. The cottage, no matter where it was, always had a screened sleeping porch. In the mesh of the screens, you could find enough bug corpses to construct an archaeology of insect life dating from the previous century. The kitchen floor was linoleum. A yellow strip of flypaper dangled from the ceiling, exhibiting its victims. The bath-

room door didn't close all the way—you had to secure it with a piece of wire. When the door was open, it brushed against the edge of the Formica table where the aunts played canasta. The aunts tried to move the table, but the uncles complained that it blocked their path to the refrigerator. The uncles drank a lot of beer. They had big, sunburned, Slovenian noses that looked ready to burst. Ignoring the tribe of bespectacled children known as "the cousins," they talked about the Army, about Eisenhower, about Jayne Mansfield. The cousins had weird hobbies. They pinned butterflies in books and asked for stamps from Swaziland. At night, when they retired to their cottage next door, I could hear them singing camp songs in high-pitched, ethereal voices.

I looked forward to these vacations until I reached adolescence. Then I began to rebel. I wanted badly to assert my independence, to establish the fact that I had an existence apart from my parents. There were obligations to be met. I couldn't afford to miss any Babe Ruth League baseball games, and I had a new girl friend who required my constant attention. Finally, when I turned 14, I was granted an option: I could go to Minnesota or stay at home on Long Island, alone. I chose to stay at home.

Over the next few years, my father expanded his vacation horizons. He took everybody to update New York, in Maine and once, splurging, to the Canadian wilderness. I never went on any of these trips, preoccupied as I was with my exalted status in the world of men. I didn't have much use for boats or family. I thought I'd given up fishing, but the grip of water, its healing power, had gotten into my blood. Soon enough, there again came a time when fishing and drifting endlessly through the middle of nowhere seemed as fine and peaceful an activity as anybody could hope to engage in.

I phoned my father, who still lives in our old Long Island house, and told him about the rig I'd bought at O'Neill's. I told him he'd better get his tackle together because once I'd mastered the art of saltwater angling, I planned to invite him out to my rented place so we could nail some weakfish.

Then, following O'Neill's advice,

continued



Lord of the Canadians

Ride 'em, Calvert. A Canadian that stays on top, thanks to the efforts of four great distilleries from Manitoba to Quebec, who just won't settle for second best. Lord Calvert: Lord of the Canadians.

**LORD
CALVERT
CANADIAN**

*Canadian Whisky. A blend
of choice matured whiskies*

IMPORTED BY

PONTIAC



AMERICAN TECHNOLOGY, WORLD

The new Pontiac 6000 is an American road car designed for the world's most discriminating drivers. Its technologically advanced suspension system, which includes front-wheel drive, Mac-

Pherson front struts and power rack and pinion steering, provides impressive handling. Its 2.5 4-cylinder engine, with the excitement of Electronic Fuel Injection, delivers responsive p

PONTIAC  **WE**

6000



ROPEAN SOPHISTICATION, CLASS.

performance. And its sophisticated, five-passenger interior and stylish wedge shape have an appeal that's universal.

Take the wheel of a Pontiac 6000 and experi-

ence this exciting combination of American technology and European sophistication.

Some Pontiacs are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Pontiac dealer for details.



WILD EXCITEMENT

VIBRAM **NO GRIP** SOLES

A legend goes dancing.



GARDINER RUBBER COMPANY NORTH BROOKFIELD, MA 01063

The legend that conquered Mount Everest has gone one step further. Now Vibram® soles are available on some of the finest casual shoes in the country. They're lightweight, good looking and they last. Next time, look for the legend.



Presenting Cinemax. The 24 hour movie service with a different choice of movies.

Over 50 movies each month.

Cinemax is the cable TV service with over 50 different movies each month. Everything from classics to contemporaries. All uncut and uninterrupted.

Family scheduling.

Scheduled with the whole family in mind. Children's movies at children's hours. Family movies at family hours. More adult oriented movies at more adult hours.

Movie choice, not duplication.

Movies that are chosen because they're the kind of movies other channels usually don't show—so you get more movie choice and less movie duplication.

Cinemax

Our difference is our movies.

© 1982 Home Box Office, Inc. TM service marks of Home Box Office, Inc. Cinemax service is available in areas served by cable TV and selected apartment buildings and private residences.

FIRST PERSON *continued*

I drove over to Long Beach, a strip of sand and pebbles that fronts the bay. I got there at dusk, just as the sun was making its flaming descent into the water. All along the shore boys were casting lures and bait as far as they could, with an energy that bordered on the obsessive. The boys ranged in age from 15 to 70. Behind them, in the parking lot, they had assembled an armada of vehicles of a type you see only in the East—rusted-out V-8 sedans that seemed like nothing so much as the final tortured outcry of the Industrial Revolution.

I stationed myself between two boys who were knee-deep in the water. I tried some squid first, threading chunks of it on a pair of hooks that hung below a pyramidal weight—a "special" weakfish set-up O'Neill had sold me—but it just sat on the floor of the bay, ignored by everything but thieving crabs. So I switched to a purple plastic worm trailing from a lead-headed jig and joined the others in their rhythmic casting. The worm flew out about 50 yards and then sank slowly to the bottom. I retrieved it slowly, dragging it inch by subtle inch across clamshells, rocks and half-buried Budweiser cans. This was an interesting exercise in underwater topography, but nothing more, and I was forced to change tactics again, replacing the worm with a plug that resembled a minnow. The evening began to seem like a homage to O'Neill's salesmanship instead of an attempt to attract fish.

Nobody else was having any luck, either. I was able to take solace from the sight of so many grumbling boys. Quite a few of them had jammed their sticks into rod holders and repaired to their rusting hulks to suck on brews and complain about the state of the universe, with particular regard to the absence of weakfish in Gardiner's Bay. I figured this was part of the saltwater game, so I repaired to my own unrusting Datsun to have a drink. A boy named Charlie noticed my Californian plates and struck up a conversation. Charlie was 54. He believed absolutely in the power of squid. "Why is any fish going to bite a piece of plastic," he asked, speaking in the general direction of the sky, "when there's good fresh squid right under his nose?"

"I think the idea is to fool him."

Charlie frowned. He crossed his arms, which gave a certain life to his tattoos. "I don't go in for tricks," he said vehemently. "Maybe you do, being from Californ-

nia. Everything's fake out there. The people. The fish. Everything!" I was saved from any further assault when Charlie jumped to his feet and shouted, "Somebody's got one on!"

We dashed down to the shore, where a tall boy in a Mozart sweat shirt was wrestling with a weakie. It was evident from the way his rod was bent double that weakfish is something of a misnomer. The name has nothing to do with the fish's fighting ability; it refers instead to the soft tissue around its mouth, which tears easily. The tall boy was aware of this. He coaxed the weakie, reeling it in ever so gently. The fish didn't want to surrender. The tide gave it extra leverage. It made several good runs, working hard against the tall boy's muscle. Once the fish made the line sing, and this produced an awed murmuring among the observers. We were all playing the weakie in our brains. There's an angler's prayer you mutter at such moments: At least let me see the fish. Losing a fish you've hooked and almost landed is bad, but it's infinitely worse to lose one you haven't seen. The mystery is too much to handle when something that's rightfully yours has sunk into the realm of the invisible.

When the tall boy at last beached the weakie, there was a shared sense of relief. The other boys moved in to examine the spots. The fish lay on a pile of glistening kelp, its gills opening and closing rapidly. The tall boy bent down and removed his hook. It came away simply, without any effort, as if the fish's mouth was made of Kleenex. A bit of squid was stuck in the fish's mouth, which caused Charlie to nudge me with an elbow. "You listen to what I been telling you," he said.

I was caught up in the fish's colors—blue, green and purple along the sides—so beautifully brilliant in the moonlight that I understood why weakies are also called seatrout.

"It's just a school fish," Charlie said. "Maybe seven pounds."

"They get much bigger?"

"I've seen 'em come out of here 12, 13 pounds."

The fish, landed and displayed, pushed the boys back into action. I tried squid again, then real worms, then the minnow plug. Soon I heard shouts that indicated another weakie was on, but after they died down it was quiet for a long time. Around 10 o'clock the crowd began to thin. The V-8 engines spewed out clouds of exhaust, adding an overlay of petro-

continued

An Outstanding Opportunity For Collectors of Western Art

THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF LIMITED EDITION BRONZE REPLICAS

THE MOUNTAIN MAN HAS BEEN SELECTED AS THE OFFICIAL COMMEMORATIVE BRONZE FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE 40TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, RONALD REAGAN.

The original American "rugged individualist," the mountain man was immortalized by Frederic Remington in this striking bronze, completed in 1905.

A SOLITARY FIGURE IN AN UNCHARTED WILDERNESS

More than any Western character, the mountain man typified the courage and daring of the first Western explorers. The mountain men were the first to explore the vast expanse of the American West.

REMINGTON'S REALISM AT ITS BEST

The Mountain Man is one of Remington's most detailed bronzes. Every item of his equipment is accurately depicted — his rifle, his traps, his blanket roll, powder horn, knife, fur hat and buckskins.

UNRUPASSED QUALITY IS GUARANTEED

The Mountain Man, in a strictly limited edition of 1,000, is cast by the lost wax process.

The model for the edition has been approved by the Director of The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, where the original is on display.

A REMARKABLE VALUE IN TODAY'S INFLATED ART MARKET

At a time when bronzes of lesser quality are priced from \$3,000 up, this edition is offered to collectors at \$1,875. Each bronze is accompanied by a Certificate of Ownership signed by the Director of The Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

GUARANTEED REPURCHASE AGREEMENT

Museum Collections unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of \$1,875 any time within one year of your purchase.

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE

800-243-4492, or write: Elizabeth Krieger, Director, Museum Collections, Dept. C55, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Ct. 06830 for brochure. You may pay by check, money order or major credit card. Optional five month payment plan available.



Frederic Remington's
"The Mountain Man"

Issued in cooperation with The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in an edition of 1000, the replica is hand finished, jewelry marked, numbered and dated. It is approximately 22 inches high with American Walnut base, three fourths the size of the Remington original.

museum
collections

leam distillates to the salty atmosphere. I stayed on until midnight. My arms ached from the casting, and my back was sore from standing. I hadn't gotten a bite, unless you counted the nibbling of crab piners. But I was very happy and relaxed, baptized in a way, and looking forward to the evening when it would be my fish that started a murmuring among the boys. I dumped the leftover bait on a rock, where the gulls would make short work of it. Just as I was leaving an egret passed overhead, white wings flapping against the moon.

I returned to Long Beach the next night and the night after that, but I met with no success. I checked back in with O'Neill to be sure I was using my new tackle properly. He examined the rod again for bruises. "Stick's fine," he said. "Maybe you're getting over there too early."

"No chance."

"Maybe you're not staying late enough."

"No chance."

O'Neill scratched his ear. "Maybe the fish don't like you," he said.

I decided to experiment. It seemed logical to me that if weakfish weren't thick around Long Beach, they might be thick somewhere else, crisscrossing the shoreline in search of choice spawning territory. They prefer shallow, sandy areas, so I tried other beaches near my house. I caught some wonderful stuff—clams, shells, a bikini top, part of a plastic pail, an empty champagne bottle and a 45-rpm recording of Perry Como singing *Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes*. I gave the record to O'Neill as a souvenir of my despair.

"You was wasting your time on those beaches," he said sagely. "Nobody the hell's ever caught a weakie off that beach."

"Why not?"

"Because that's how God made it, is why not. Anyhow, the fish is more offshore now. What you really need is to get yourself a boat."

"Probably you sell boats."

O'Neill shrugged. "There's outfits that'll rent you one."

I found a rental outfit in Sag Harbor. I went there with my father, who brought a landing net, and my brother, who was visiting from California. We'd collected an amazing assortment of tackle, including a tiny boat rod, stiff as a piece of hick-

ory, and a lightweight rod and reel that would have been perfect for sunfish.

The skiffs rented for \$29 a day, but the guy let us have ours for \$25, because it was already past noon. "I doubt you'll do much," the guy said. He handed us a map that showed the spots frequented by striped bass, porgies, flounder and fluke, as well as weakfish.

My brother thought my father should pay for the skiff because it was my father's birthday. Such inverse reasoning isn't uncommon in our family.

I don't know how long it had been since we'd all gone out together in a boat. We took up a great deal more space now than we had in the old days; now we were three men instead of two boys and an adult. There was some jostling for posi-

tioner like batfish when submerged.

For a while we just drifted along, rocking in the big silence that always follows a motor's shutting down. The rocking was pleasant, complemented by the sailing gulls and the salt smell everywhere. It took me back to those old summer vacations, and the red-nosed uncles, and the weird cousins, and the aunts with their playing cards.

It was only right that my father should get the first strike. He'd paid for the skiff, after all, and he'd just turned 68. His rod bowed suddenly. The line on his light reel, no more than six-pound test, went ripping out at an alarming rate.

"Check your drag," my brother advised him.

My father fumbled with the knob on



tion. I felt the closeness of skin, that familiar intimacy, tempered, as ever, by the need to assert my independence. But the need was much diminished, an advantage of being older.

My brother, at the helm, asked for beer from the cooler. He wanted to head for the opposite shore of Gardiners Bay, a 30-minute ride. My father, a non-swimmer, wanted to stay closer to the harbor. We headed for the opposite shore.

My father had a beer. I had a beer. The water was choppy, but the spray coming at us felt good. The sun was hot. I took off my shirt.

When we reached our destination, my brother cut the motor. Our barely articulated plan was to drift from the shore's eastern end to a rocky point at its western tip, through a region marked weakfish on the map. I baited a double-hooked O'Neill rig with squid and dropped it over. It hit bottom at about 10 feet, so I cranked it up a notch. I used the same kind of rig on the tiny boat rod. The others tried Salty Dogs, soft plastic lures that

his reel, loosening it so the line went out more easily, with less resistance. He couldn't afford to apply much pressure, not with such flimsy gear. This put him under stress, because he's a legendarily impatient angler.

"Keep your rod high," I told him. "Make the fish work."

"I know what I'm doing," he said sharply.

The fish took out more line; my father got some back. The dance was a classic one—gain and loss, loss and gain. It continued for 20 minutes, until the fish tired and my father was able to lead it slowly to the side of the boat. Again I saw those colors—blue, green, purple—more vibrant than before in the swirling water.

It was a weakie—a broad female full of roe. She had a mottling of dark green along her back. We put her in the cooler.

My father was smiling. He looked about 25. The fish was the biggest he'd caught in years.

Almost immediately the boat rod began hammering against the skiff's gun-

The bald eagle is in danger of extinction. For a free booklet on how to help save this living symbol of our country, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10015.
© 1982

wales. I grabbed it and set the hook. This fish didn't fight as well, perhaps because of the stiffness of my rod. I brought the fish to net in 10 minutes—another weakie, as brilliant as the first, though maybe smaller. I wished I'd taken it in the surf, on my O'Neill rod and reel. The odds would have been better; the fish might have had a chance.

When fish strike back-to-back with unexpected intensity, I always believe the action will never end. But it always does, sooner rather than later. Things change rapidly.

We drifted for two more hours, fishless, before returning to the harbor. Once we got there, my father insisted on having the weakies weighed. I was embarrassed because I knew they were school fish, certainly not trophies.

The skiff guy slapped them on a bucket scale one at a time. "Five pounds on her," he said, "and four-and-three-quarters on her."

I asked my father, kidding around, if he could tell which fish was his.

"The big one," he said, carrying her off to the car.

At my place we took photos. The women made admiring sounds. There was a discussion about how to cook the fish. My brother wanted to cut them into steaks and barbecue them; my father believed they'd be tastier if they were filleted and baked. Being something of an encyclopedia enthusiast, I consulted Alan Davidson's *North Atlantic Seafood*, an extraordinary compendium of marine and gastronomic information. Davidson wrote about the weakfish, "A good fish, when fresh-caught; a bit flabby later on. The flesh is lean and flaky. 'Weakies' may be grilled whole or panfried or used in fish chowders."

I read aloud Davidson's recipe for panfrying.

"We should cut them into steaks," my brother said, "and barbecue them."

Once I thought I would drown in family; now I thought the drowning, if it came, wouldn't be so bad.

I stopped in to see O'Neill before I left Long Island. I told him I never did catch a weakfish in the surf. O'Neill said I shouldn't worry—my experience would stand me in good stead if I ever came back again for another summer. I told him there was no doubt that I would.

"Then, I better show you these new lures," he said, opening a drawer. **END**



Eagle Rare Bourbon. A higher level of taste.

No bird in America soars as high as the eagle. And no bourbon reaches the taste level of Eagle Rare 101 proof Bourbon. A taste so mellow, yet so distinctive, that it can only be achieved after ten full years of careful aging.

Indulge in the finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created. One sip will tell you why it's expensive.



Eagle Rare Bourbon.
The 101 proof bourbon aged 10 years.

Ford Motor Company Customer Information System

It makes great after-sale service even better.



Ford Motor Company's continuing commitment to meet America's needs by striving to build high quality, fuel-efficient vehicles is matched by a continuing commitment to customer satisfaction. The Ford Motor Company Customer Information System provides an after-the-sale service unlike any offered by other car companies.

CUSTOMER INFORMATION SYSTEM

Under the Ford Customer Information System, you're able to obtain information from Ford regarding Ford-Paid Repair Programs and Technical Service Bulletins for your vehicle or the vehicle of interest to you at no charge.

• FORD-PAID REPAIR PROGRAMS AFTER THE WARRANTY PERIOD.

Sometimes Ford offers adjustment programs to pay all or part of the cost of certain repairs after the written warranty expires, which can save you money. These programs are not recalls. They aren't required by any governmental agency. They're initiated by us and are intended to help our owners.

• TECHNICAL SERVICE BULLETINS.

All vehicles need repairs during their lifetime. Sometimes Ford issues Technical Service Bulletins and easy-to-read explanations describing unusual engine or transmission conditions which could lead to costly repairs. We recommend what should be done and offer the latest repair procedures to protect against a more costly repair later.

To get copies of these bulletins or information concerning any adjustment programs relating to your vehicle or to obtain a one-year subscription to the information system, just ask your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer, call us toll-free 24 hours a day at 1-800-241-3673 (in Alaska or Hawaii, call 1-800-241-3711; in Georgia, call 1-800-282-0959), or write:

Ford Customer Information System
P.O. Box 95427
Atlanta, GA 30347

We'll need to know your name and address;
year, make and model of your vehicle; engine size; and whether you have a
manual or automatic transmission.

Four good reasons to have Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealers service your vehicle.

• **FACTORY-TRAINED TECHNICIAN SPECIALISTS.** Ford Motor Company Dealer technicians are continuously updated on the latest techniques and procedures for the repair of Ford products. This helps them to diagnose and make the repair correctly the first time. We know that if we want your next new vehicle to be a Ford Motor Company product, we'd better take care of the one you're driving now.

• **ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT REPLACEMENT PARTS.** Genuine Ford and Motorcraft replacement parts are used in the repair of your vehicle. These replacement parts meet the same high standards as those installed in production to ensure that your vehicle will continue to perform at peak efficiency.

• **SPECIALIZED TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT.** The latest in diagnostic and service equipment designed especially for use in the repair of Ford Motor Company products is available. This equipment helps the technician make the repair properly so you won't have to come back a second time.

• **NATIONWIDE DEALER NETWORK.** A nationwide network of Dealers stands ready to assist you should repairs be needed while traveling or away from home. Ford owners may call a toll-free line that will direct them to the nearest servicing dealership. Through these team efforts, we intend to keep you a satisfied Ford Motor Company product owner.

FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION

Get it together—huckle up.



A Sports Illustrated **BUSINESS PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

10/11/82

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires December 10, 1982.

- ☐ **1. MEAD PAPER** Fine Paper Division Send for product information and distribution location
- ☐ **2. 3M** 3M Communications Arts Brochure
- ☐ **3. MINOLTA** Send for Free Brochure on Minoltas Full Line of Copiers
- ☐ **4. ROYAL BUSINESS MACHINES** For more information about the Royal 145H main step Copier
- ☐ **5. SAVIN CORPORATION** For further information on Savin Copiers
- ☐ **6. TACTEC** Yes, I would like more information on TACTEC two way communication
- ☐ **7. XEROX** For more information on the Xerox 9500 Copier

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

- TITLE:**
- a ☐ Pres., Owner, Partner
b ☐ Other Company Officer
c ☐ Manager, Dept. Head
d ☐ Professional (M.D., Lawyer, etc.)
e ☐ Teacher
- NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES:**
- f ☐ Sales
g ☐ Other
r ☐ 99 or less
s ☐ 100 to 499
t ☐ 500 or more

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope

A-2

A Sports Illustrated **BUSINESS PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

10/11/82

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires December 10, 1982.

- ☐ **1. MEAD PAPER** Fine Paper Division Send for product information and distribution location
- ☐ **2. 3M** 3M Communications Arts Brochure
- ☐ **3. MINOLTA** Send for Free Brochure on Minoltas Full Line of Copiers
- ☐ **4. ROYAL BUSINESS MACHINES** For more information about the Royal 145H main step Copier
- ☐ **5. SAVIN CORPORATION** For further information on Savin Copiers
- ☐ **6. TACTEC** Yes, I would like more information on TACTEC two way communication
- ☐ **7. XEROX** For more information on the Xerox 9500 Copier

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

- TITLE:**
- f ☐ Sales
g ☐ Other
r ☐ 99 or less
s ☐ 100 to 499
t ☐ 500 or more
- a ☐ Pres., Owner, Partner
b ☐ Other Company Officer
c ☐ Manager, Dept. Head
d ☐ Professional (M.D., Lawyer, etc.)
e ☐ Teacher

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope

A-1

B Sports Illustrated **CONSUMER PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

10/11/82

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires December 10, 1982.

- ☐ **1. AMERICAN EXPRESS** The most respected, old-fashioned, safe, reliable travel and entertainment. Don't leave home without it.
- ☐ **2. BERMUDA** Don't you just love the Bermuda right now?
- ☐ **3. EXCELSIOR** Free Full Color Catalog of the Complete Line of Schwinn Exercise Equipment
- ☐ **4. FOREXTENDEO SERVICE PLAN** the only option that can pay for itself the first time you use it.
- ☐ **5. HONEYWELL, INC.** Send for more information on the Honeywell Fuel Savers Thermostat or Call 800 328 5111 Extension 7524
- ☐ **6. HYATT** Spirit of Sports A Sports Directory produced in cooperation with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
- ☐ **7. IOS** A Free Guide to Personal Financial Planning
- ☐ **8. INTERCO-FLORSHEIM** Colorful 24 page brochure features a variety of boot styles, including handcrafted shoes for men.
- ☐ **9. MAXELL CORPORATION OF AMERICA** Send for Free Full Line Brochure on Audio Tapes
- ☐ **10. ROLEX** Watch Brochure
- ☐ **11. RUMS OF PUERTO RICO** Recipe
- ☐ **12. SOLOFLEX** Send for Free Brochure on Exercise Equipment
- ☐ **13. SONY** Send for Brochure on Sony Audio & Video Tapes
- ☐ **14. U-HAUL** White for Free Moving Guide
- ☐ **15. UNIOEN EXTEN-A-PHONE** Send for Free Brochure
- ☐ **16. WIGWAM MILLS INC.** Free Booklet and name of your nearest Dealer

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope

B-2

B Sports Illustrated **CONSUMER PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

10/11/82

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires December 10, 1982.

- ☐ **1. AMERICAN EXPRESS** The most respected, old-fashioned, safe, reliable travel and entertainment. Don't leave home without it.
- ☐ **2. BERMUDA** Don't you just love the Bermuda right now?
- ☐ **3. EXCELSIOR** Free Full Color Catalog of the Complete Line of Schwinn Exercise Equipment
- ☐ **4. FOREXTENDEO SERVICE PLAN** the only option that can pay for itself the first time you use it.
- ☐ **5. HONEYWELL, INC.** Send for more information on the Honeywell Fuel Savers Thermostat or Call 800 328 5111 Extension 7524
- ☐ **6. HYATT** Spirit of Sports A Sports Directory produced in cooperation with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
- ☐ **7. IOS** A Free Guide to Personal Financial Planning
- ☐ **8. INTERCO-FLORSHEIM** Colorful 24 page brochure features a variety of boot styles, including handcrafted shoes for men.
- ☐ **9. MAXELL CORPORATION OF AMERICA** Send for Free Full Line Brochure on Audio Tapes
- ☐ **10. ROLEX** Watch & Box Set
- ☐ **11. RUMS OF PUERTO RICO** Recipe
- ☐ **12. SOLOFLEX** Send for Free Brochure on Exercise Equipment
- ☐ **13. SONY** Send for Brochure on Sony Audio & Video Tapes
- ☐ **14. U-HAUL** White for Free Moving Guide
- ☐ **15. UNIOEN EXTEN-A-PHONE** Send for Free Brochure
- ☐ **16. WIGWAM MILLS INC.** Free Booklet and name of your nearest Dealer

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope

B-1

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101



Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE STRIKE
Sir

As I see it, the NFL players are completely justified in their strike (*And Then the Clock Showed 00:00*, Sept. 27). Compared to the salaries baseball, basketball and hockey players are getting, NFL players are definitely low on the economic totem pole. Consider this in light of the vast amount of money being made by the owners from the live gate and from television and the fact that they have made free agency a joke, and you can easily understand the players' frustration. Because professional sports are an entertainment industry in which the players are the product being offered to the public, they deserve a greater share of the pot.

DAN O'NEILL
Los Angeles

Sir

Does Gene Lipshaw think before he talks? In your article about the strike, he states, "Without the players there is nothing." I think he has it backwards. Without the owners there is nothing! Who got the league off the ground originally, the owners or the players? Who made the initial investment and took the risk of success or failure? The owners are the people who made this game a big-money business, not the players. For the owners to abandon their successful system would be ridiculous.

The NFLPA says the owners won't bargain in good faith. The NFLPA is just unreasonable in its demands. The players' insistence on a percentage of TV revenues is still a demand for a percentage of the gross. What would happen if all employees in the U.S. wanted a percentage of their employers' gross receipts? Who would start a new business? Who would hire anyone? I think it's about time the NFLPA and especially Lipshaw came back down to earth.

ERIC S. PERNER
Maidland, Pa.

Sir

We fans must rise and show our solidarity. We are the game. Our demands must be met by the conclusion of this impasse or we will have no choice but to strike. We will not, must not, settle for less than the following:

- 1) A 55% reduction in gross ticket revenue,
- 2) a uniform ticket-price scale based on seasonality, and
- 3) a free beer for every game attended back to 1977, and forward to 1986.

JOSEPH B. PHILLIBREK
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Sir

When the strike is over, the fans should

meet in the stadiums around the country, shake hands and go home.

KEN BLY
Owatonna, Minn.

Sir

Just as I was getting caught up in the enthusiasm of the young NFL season, the players' strike brought me back to my senses. So did your article on Milwaukee Brewer Shortstop Robin Yount. Robert W. Creamer's piece was just what the doctor ordered. It helped remind me that the best way to spend these Indian summer days is watching baseball, America's pastime. Bring on the playoffs! Bring on the World Series!

SCOTT R. HUBNER
Fairfax, Minn.

A GOOD WORD

Sir

I'm writing this letter because there has been a lot of negative press coming from almost every source about the NFL and its players, concerning the strike, the use of drugs and so on. A lot of people seem to think that the players have nothing on their minds but making more money than they can carry to the bank and how much cocaine they can use. But that's not so with at least one player I can name: Jim Miller of the 49ers.

Our 15-year-old son, Brian Walker, was listed in critical condition and had given up all hope of recovery when I called Miller at his parents' home in Ripley, Miss. last February. I explained that Brian was very ill and that Miller had been his hero since Miller played at Ole Miss. I asked him if he would visit Brian and Jim said to name the time and he'd be there. He even came 15 minutes early!

We saw a miracle that night, brought about by one of the nicest people in the world. Miller gave Brian the jersey he had worn in the Super Bowl, but the best gift was that he reversed Brian's will to fight the illness, Guillain-Barre syndrome, that had almost taken his life. Miller came back every week until we brought Brian home, and then, until he reported for training camp and the start of the season. He visited him here. Every day we thank God for our son's doctors and a barefooted pastor from Ripley, Miss.

MIKE WALKER
Pontotoc, Miss.

KEN HALL

Sir

What an article on Ken Hall! (Whatever Happened to the Sugar Land Express? Sept. 27) What a family! What a man—athletic ability, a viable marriage, humility, love, business competence, an enduring maturity! No type. No drugs. No scandal. No superinflated

ego. No rancor over past events. Hall "would love someone to shake hands with" (Billy) Sims. (Herschel) Walker. (Tony) Dorsett. I'd be honored to shake hands with Hall.

TOM LUNG
Altoona, Pa.

Sir

Normally, art imitates life. But, in the case of Ken Hall, the reverse seems to be true. The small Texas town of the early '50s in which Hall performed his heroics calls to mind the setting of the film, *The Last Picture Show*, in which civic pride rose or fell with the fortunes of the high school football team. Literary works which seem strangely echoed in Hall's real-life story include Irwin Shaw's *The Eighth Yard Run*, John Updike's *Rabbit, Run* and Frank Deford's *Everybody's All-American*. There is, however, one important difference, for while the youthful heroes of these three works slide ever deeper into shabby postathletic mediocrity and despair, Hall picked himself up and adjusted successfully to life in a nonathletic world and did so without bitterness.

A century ago, A.E. Housman lamented those "lads that wore their heroisms out" (runners whom renown outran) and the name died before the man. It is reassuring to know that even though the name does die, the athlete has an option other than "dying young."

THOMAS N. LONGMIRE III
Brooklandsville, Md.

Sir

As I read the article on Ken Hall, I thought to myself that it would have been nice to watch the Sugar Land Express run with the football. But, wait! When I read the last page I realized that I had seen him play! I was 11 years old at the time and my older brother and his friend took me to see my very first pro football game, the New York Titans vs. the Houston Oilers. If I remember correctly, it was a damp, gray day at the old Polo Grounds. After a Titan score, Hall took a kickoff four yards deep in the end zone, right in front of us. As he took off straight down the left sideline, he slipped to one knee, got up and sprinted, untouched, 104 yards for a touchdown! I've been to more than 50 pro games since, but Hall's run is still the greatest one I've witnessed. Thanks for bringing the man behind that fantastic run into my life!

BRECKE GOLDMALLER
Coral Springs, Fla.

BEST SHORTSTOP

Sir

Hats off to Robert W. Creamer for his article on Robin Yount (*This Robin Is a Rare Bird*, Sept. 27). It's about time Yount received

continued


Sears Tire & Auto Centers
WE INSTALL CONFIDENCE

CONFIDENCE IS NOW ON SALE AT SEARS.

NOW SEARS DASHMATE IN-DASH STEREO RECEIVER IS ON SALE.
\$50 LESS THAN OUR FALL 1981 GENERAL CATALOG PRICE.

ONLY \$149⁹⁹

Enjoy the great sound of our Dashmate in-dash stereo receiver. Some of its features are a 14-watt minimum power per channel, Auto reverse, fast forward and rewind and Dolby® noise reduction system. On sale from October 3, 1982 while quantities last.



**SPECIAL PURCHASE.
SEARS MANUAL 8-AMP BATTERY CHARGER.**

A special purchase. Though not reduced, it is an exceptional value.

ONLY \$19⁹⁹

This battery charger will help keep your battery at peak power for fast starts all year long. Available October 3—while quantities last.



SAVE 25% ON SEARS SUPERGUARD RADIAL.

AS LOW AS \$41¹⁹
40,000 MILE WARRANTY.

Plus \$1.43 Federal Excise Tax
on tire size P175-HR12 whitewall

The SuperGuard Radial is designed with two steel belts for durability and to absorb road shock. And it comes with a limited warranty against tread wearout. That means for 40,000 miles Sears will replace the tire or give a refund charging only for the miles used. On sale from October 3-30, 1982.

**SAVE ON SEARS HEAVY DUTY SHOCK ABSORBER
AT OUR LOWEST PRICE OF THE YEAR INSTALLED.**

ONLY \$8⁸⁸ INSTALLED

This shock gives you 40% more control area than most original equipment shocks. Regularly as low as \$9.99 installed, so save now. On sale from October 3-16, 1982.



You can count on

Sears

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1982

Prices and dates apply only to the Continental United States. Minimum order \$29.99.



Rosalyn Smitow,
Hemorrhoid Sufferer

"I'm sold on Preparation-H. There's nothing like it to relieve my pain, itch and swelling."

Hemorrhoid sufferers don't take chances. They know Preparation-H® often gives temporary relief from pain and itch flare-ups. Even helps shrink swelling of inflamed hemorrhoidal tissues. Nothing relieves more hemorrhoidal symptoms than Preparation-H.

That's why Rosalyn Smitow and millions of other hemorrhoid sufferers choose Preparation-H. Look for Mrs. Smitow on TV, she'll be telling you more about her experiences with Preparation-H. Use only as directed.

Doctor recommended
**Relieves pain and itch.
Even helps shrink swelling.**



Safety deposit.

Take stock in America.
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds.



19TH HOLE continued

national recognition. As a teenager, I had the opportunity to see him get his start in professional baseball, playing for the now-defunct Newark Co-Pilots of the New York-Penn League. Watching Yount then was a pleasure and to see how he has developed into one of the finest all-around shortstops in baseball is truly gratifying. Yount fully deserves MVP honors for '82.

TOM BARTLEY
Newark, N.Y.

Sir:

Robert W. Creamer's enumeration of the 10 best shortstops of all time was an admirable first attempt, but there was at least one glaring omission, Maury Wills.

MICHAEL G. HERMAN
Los Angeles

Sir:

I can't believe that anyone could make list of the 10 greatest shortstops and not include Joe Sewell.

RICHARD L. CURRY
Foley, Ala.

Sir:

Could you have been shortsighted in selling short Luke Appling?

DONALD A. LEVENSON
Pittsburgh

• Indeed, Creamer regretted that his list couldn't include other fine shortstops, among them Joe Tinker and Rabbit Maranville "both currently denigrated by some critics who think neither deserves to be in the Hall of Fame, although a close study of their record shows that both do"; Hugh Jennings, "who with the old Orioles of the 1890s was the best shortstop who ever lived for three seasons but who had a very short career at the position"; Sewell, "a first-rate all-around player" Appling, "known solely as a hitter, although he led his league in assists seven times"; Her man Long and Bill Dahlen, "stars at the turn of the century"; Donie Bush; Travis Jackson; Dick Bartell; Billy Jurgens; Alvin Dark; Johnny Logan; Dick Groat; Wills; Don Kessinger; Leo Cardenas.... However, Creamer also asks, "Of the top 10 listed, whom should I remove?" And why?—ED.

AUSTIN SERVED

Sir:

You have unwittingly done me a disservice. You wrote in your article on the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club (*A Chat With No Other*, June 21) that I was a conscientious objector. This was definitely not so served during World War II in the United States Army Air Forces.

BUNNY AUSTIN
London

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Introducing the 1983 Cutlass Ciera.



This car of the future is built on its past.



Cutlass Ciera.

This newest Cutlass ever is still a Cutlass at heart. That's the Olds point of view where the new 1983 Cutlass Ciera is concerned. Cutlass Ciera has front-wheel drive to cut through rain and snow. The steering is power rack-and-pinion. The styling, aerodynamic. But behind it all is the unmistakable Cutlass magic that always stands out in a crowd. Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera. Standard 4-cylinder engine with electronic fuel injection, or optional gas or diesel V6. It's the newest breed of Cutlass.

Oldsmobile

Let's get it together...buckle up.

Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

Have one built for you.

Alive with pleasure!



Newport



*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1997 Philip Morris Inc. All rights reserved.
Newport is a registered trademark of Philip Morris Inc.